

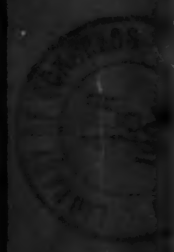
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MAY 1904

THE RED BOOK



692
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Cover



A SHORT STORY MAGAZINE

Published by THE RED BOOK CORPORATION, 158-164 State St., Chicago



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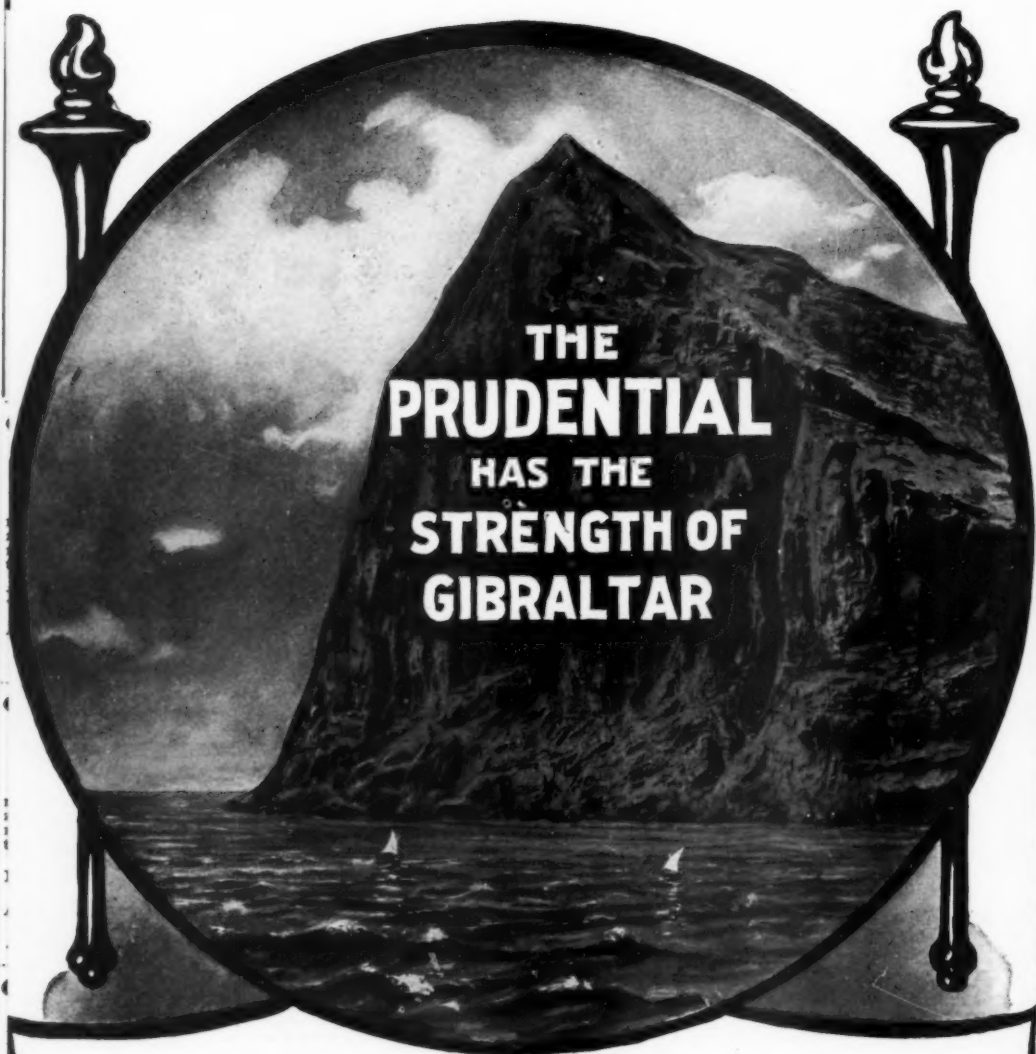
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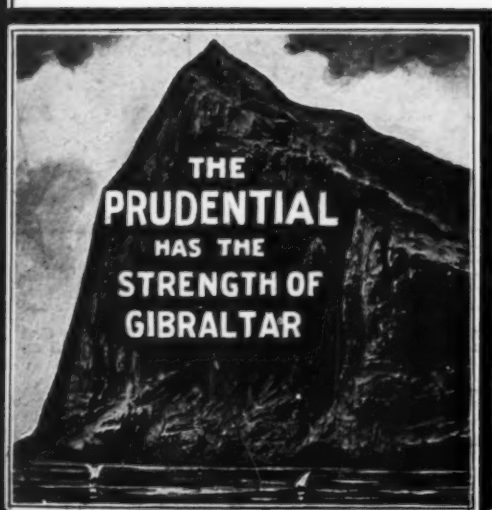
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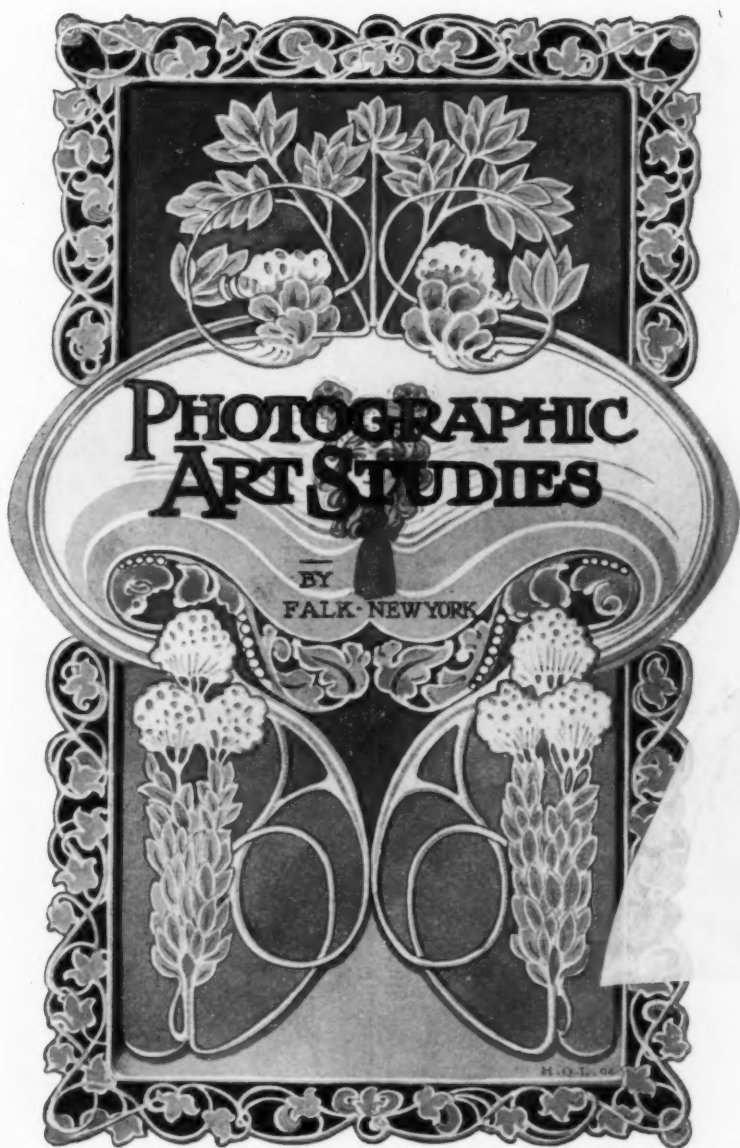
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Photograph by Falk, New York

MISS ALICE THILL

HOL



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MISS BERTHA GALLAND



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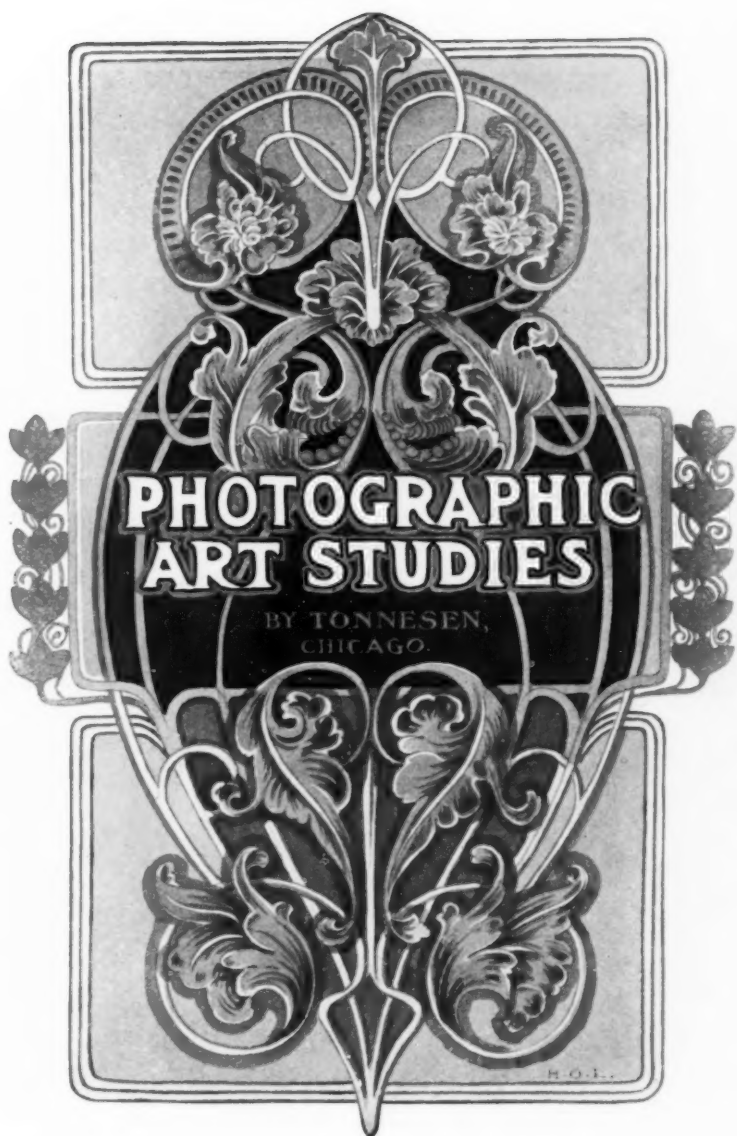




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THE LILY

H.O.L.



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THE ROSE

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BACCHANTE

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AMERICAN BEAUTIES

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THE HAYSEED

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THE LADY GAY

HOL



DRAWN BY WALTER WHITEHEAD

"When we came near, Cap'n Schmitt whispers to me."

"The Flying Dutchman;" see page 28

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THE RED BOOK

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May, 1904

No. 1

The Flying Dutchman



by Max Adeler.

"As fur the Flying Dutchman," said William Potsherd, the venerable mariner, sitting in the reading-room of the Seamen's Mission after the prayer-meeting, and striking the table with the palm of his hand, "they needn't tell me there ain't none, fur I seen her with me own eyes and sailed on her.

"It was that time I was telling you about when I was fus' mate of the steamer Indian King and the cyclone capsized her and I clutched a boat as I came up and clumb into her. Then I seen Em'ly Smith, the cap'n's colored stewardess floating about and I fished her out and we found ourselves alone on the boiling sea.

"So we run along for sixteen hours, me and Em'ly Smith. She was as black as night-before-last; blacker; black and fat. But she was cheerful. She belonged to the Sons and Daughters and Brothers and Sisters of Aaron of the Tribe of Levi of Rising Sun, Philadelphia, and she sung them camp-meeting hymns to keep up my sperits, and it did keep

them up. As I set there a-looking at her I says to myself, 'If the wust comes to the wust most likely it's going to be my luck to have to eat you, Em'ly, for when the choice is between an able seaman as a useful member of society, and a plain cook, there ain't no choice, and I do believe you'd eat tender.'

"But after awhile I seen a queer-looking craft coming towards me with all sails set and I thought she'd run us down; but I ketched at the stay-chains as she reached me, and tying the painter of the boat to them, I was on deck in a minute and then I lifted Em'ly Smith out.

"I dunno how to tell you what that craft looked like. A kind o' dysky red all over her decks and her sails and her bulwarks, and the red a kind o' soft glow like the head of a match in a dark room. I never seen nothing jus' like it afore or since, excepting it was punk out in the woods, only that ain't red, and this ship was red and sort o' dim shiny-like from stem to stern. And she

flew through the water faster 'n any steamer you ever seen.

"Well, sir, I'm no coward, but I own up I was skeered with the look o' the boat and not a man in sight on deck, not even at the hellum; the sails jus' a-bulging and the wessel a-whipping over the sea the same 's if she wus a bird.

"So then I seen a light or something a-shining through a crack in the cabin aft and I says to Em'ly Smith:

" 'Now, Em'ly, you just set there on that bucket till I look around and investigate;' and I made my way boldly to the cabin and went down and shoved the door open and walked right in, ezzackly 's if I was the skipper himself.

"There was two men a-setting at the table in there, the queerest dressed you ever seen, and they was a-playing some kind o' game with cards that was so black they might 've been made of charcoal for all the difference I could see.

"Then one o' the men who set a-facing me looks up just as he was going to play a card, and when he seen me he says:

" 'Well, you *have* nerve! Where did you come from? Where's your manners? Don't you know this is private?'

"Then I up and tells him, and for a minute he looks cross at me 's if he'd half a mind to chuck me overboard, and then he says:

" 'What's your name?'

" 'William Potsherd, mariner,' says I. 'Of Tom's River, New Jersey,' and then I explains to him how I heppened to drop in on him; but leaving out the particulars about Em'ly Smith.

" 'Set down, William,' says he, after reflecting for a little while.

'I'm Cap'n Schmitt, the skipper o' this yer craft, and this is my fus' lieutenant, Vanderwerken.'

"But the fus' lieutenant seemed sour about something, fur he jus' looks at me and scowls and when I took a chair he went over into the corner by the cupboard and scowled wuss and wuss.

" 'And so you thought you'd ship with us for the v'yage, did you, William?' says Cap'n Schmitt with a grim smile on his face—a face all scarred and gashed with wrinkles. Why, when you looked at it, he seemed 's if he might be a thousand years old, or more.

" 'I dunno,' says I, 'about no v'yage. That depends on where you're bound to,' says I.

" 'Bound!' he says, half a-larfing 'We're bound to Tartaroo,' says he, 'if you know where that is, and we're a long time a-gitting there.'

" 'Where're you frum?' says I.

" 'Where're we frum, Vanderwerken?' says he, a-turning to his fus' lieutenant and larfing three-quarters this time.

"But Vanderwerken jus' scowled and grunted and grunted and scowled and said nothing. Then the Cap'n looks at me ag'in serious, and says:

" 'Never you mind, William, where we're frum. It's so long ago I've almost clean forgot.'

" 'Don't you keep a log?' says I.

" 'Why, dog gone it, William,' says Cap'n Schmitt, 'I've writ and writ till I reckon I've about wore out the alphabet. I've writ all over the cabin walls and the furniture and the poop deck and the sails! Log! I give her up,' says he, 'more'n a hundred years ago.'

" 'And that's a good while, too,' says I. Jus' to be kind o' sociable.

" 'I've been a-sailing yer since



"He drew his cutlass and made at me."

See page 26

1644,' says he. 'Sometimes it seems to me like a million years and then ag'in sometimes it seems 's if it begun only last Tuesday a week. My head's got queer over it,' says he, 'so that really I'm not jus' sure if I'm real or unreal. Would you mind poking me with your finger, Billy, and telling me what you think?'

"So, jus' to obleege him, I jabs him a couple o' times in the cheek and the shoulder and I says to him: 'Cap'n Schmitt, in my opinion you're not real real. You're about like tallow or cheese; you give when I poke you.'

"'Half real and half unreal, s'pos'n we say,' says he. 'Maybe so. I'm not flesh and I'm not sperrit. That's my view, too. What d' you think o' that, Vanderwerken?' says he, a-turning once more to his fus' lieutenant. But the fus' lieutenant sniffles and scowls and looks at the cabin roof and declines to answer.

"'Where did I understand you to say you hail frum, William?' says Cap'n Schmitt.

"'Tom's River,' says I.

"'And where's that?'

"'I told him, and when I mentioned Barnegat Bay I seen him kind o' flinch, and I knowed why before I left him.

"'That's in the United States, and the United States is the greatest country on this earth,' says I, and then, knowing he hadn't heard any news lately, I went on and told him about General Washington and the Revolution.

"'General Washington,' he says, trying to remember. 'Was that the man that was left, a little baby, in the bulrushes?'

"'No, no!' says I. 'He was fust in peace, fust in war, and fust in the

hearts of his countrymen. You've got your mind on Moses.'

"'Hah!' says he, 'maybe I have. I get mixed on people somehow, nowadays. And how is things, William, amongst the folks on shore? I git to hankering after 'em now and then; and speaking of babies—ah! Billy!' says he to me, a red tear a-rolling over the crinkles on his face, 'what wouldn't I give to see one o' them ag'in? Tell me, William, do they still smile when the angels speak to 'em in their sleep, and take notice, and all that kind o' thing, jus' the way they used to?'

"'Jus' the same,' says I; 'and shake their rattles and chew their gum-rings and cry and keep the folks awake at nights. Jus' the very same.'

"'I seen a film gathering on his eyes as I spoke, and so I went on and told him about my baby grandson and his golden hair and blue eyes and two lovely white front teeth and his cherry lips, until presently Cap'n Schmitt waves his hand at me and says:

"'Stop, William! Stop that! I can't stand it another minute!'

"Then he heaved a deep sigh and he was about to speak when he caught sight o' Vanderwerken standing there in the corner. The Cap'n had something on his mind that he wanted to talk to me about private, and so he says:

"'Vanderwerken, jus' run up on deck for a few minutes and look at the glass and see if we're in the Tropic of Capricorn or in Cancer.'

"Vanderwerken said he wouldn't go, and so Cap'n Schmitt flew at him and gripped him and they had it over and over the cabin floor until directly Cap'n Schmitt doubled Vanderwerken all up, jus' 's if he was

putty and flung him out and bolted the door. Through the window I seen Vanderwerken a-laying there gradually coming back to shape again, fust one dent bulging out and then another, jus' like one o' them rubber doll-babies, you know.

"Cap'n Schmitt then sets down ag'in by the table and he says to me: 'William, I'm a-beginning to git tired o' this kind o' thing. Here I've been a-setting and playing seven-up with Vanderwerken for two hundred years and it's gitting to wear on me. Vanderwerken won't learn to play checkers; and so I'm yearning for land and sunlight and the comforts o' home, and seeing you makes me want 'em wuss. If I could once git ashore in a new place and begin life over ag'in, I believe I could live down my past; don't you think I could, William?'

"'I dunno,' says I, 'because I dunno nothing about your past.'

"'Don't you know,' says he, 'what's the reason this yer ship keeps a-flying over the seas? Where've you been, William? It was this way: In 1644, while I was a-trying to take the ship around the Horn there was an awful thunderstorm that kep' a driving us back and nearly capsized us. It made me so mad that I stood out on the poop deck and took off my hat and cussed the thunderstorm, and because I did that I was condemned to keep flying over the seas and never to come to port. Tough luck, William, don't you think, jus' fur cussin' at one little thunderstorm?'

"'Why don't you repent?' says I.

"'Repent, William?' says he. 'What's the good of repenting when repenting won't take off the cuss that was put on me? No, sir, if re-

penting would've lifted it, it would've been lifted long ago.'

"'And what will lift it?' says I.

"'Cap'n Schmitt looked around to see if Vanderwerken was a-listening and then, very solemn, he says: 'There's only one thing, William, that'll do the business, and that is for a fair young maiden to marry me. And now look at it, Billy, if I can find a fair young maiden to marry me the cuss will be removed. But, don't you see, I'm not 'lowed to go ashore to find a fair young maiden and to court her and to ask her, and there you are—blocked at both ends; no chance one way or another. Do you think that's a square deal on me, William? Blamed if I do. So what I want to do is to find that girl somehow and marry her and settle down and make a fresh start. Can you think how you could help me, Billy?'

"'Settling down's all right,' says I, 'and starting fresh 's all right, too, but I don't know about marrying.' Then I looks him over and says: 'because girls is more particular now than they used to be. You're no longer young, you know. Did you say 1644? Well, Cap'n Schmitt, you're two hundred and fifty, if you're a day, and that would seem old to most girls.'

"'I know it,' says he, 'but I'm not so bad looking, William, now am I? and besides, (and then he looked around again to find if Vanderwerken was a-lurking by the door), 'I'm jus' a-rolling in wealth.'

"'You are?' says I.

"'Jus' a-rolling in it.'

"'What are you wuth?' says I, for that very minute it come into my mind like a flash of lightning that him and Em'ly Smith might fix up a match betwixt 'em, if there was anything in it for me.

"'What am I wuth?' says Cap'n Schmitt. 'Well, maybe I can't put it in straight figures or in fractions, but, Billy, I pledge you my word I have billions of dollars and tons of diamonds and jewelry, to say nothing of fus' mortgages and government bonds; more'n you can count,' says he.

"'Big talk,' I says, 'never went fur with me, Cap'n Schmitt. Seeing's believing and nothing else is. Where is this stuff?'

"'It's buried,' says he, 'buried good and tight.'

"'Buried for good, you mean,' says I, just to draw him on.

"'Buried on the beach of Barne-gat Bay,' says he, 'but buried where you can't find it without the chart, and I've got the chart. Howsome-ever,' says he, 'the half of it goes to the man who finds the girl that will have me.'

"'Do you mean that, Cap'n Schmitt?' says I.

"'I'll write it and sign it and seal it,' says he. 'Half's enough for me if I have love's young dream along with it.'

"'Cap'n Schmitt,' says I, 'it comes to my mind that maybe I can help you out. But before we strike a bargain, tell me if you prefer a blonde or a brunette?'

"'It don't make no great difference,' says he, a-waving his hand, 'but brunettes is my favorites.'

"'Dark brunettes, or totally light brunettes?'

"'Rather dark,' says he, 'but I don't care for freckles.'

"'I think I know one that'll suit you,' says I.

"'I make no p'int about beauty,' says he. 'I want her to be soulful. Her soul must look out of her eyes. Her heart must throb in unison with

mine—throb for throb. Git me such a wife as that, William, and half the treasure 's yours and welcome.'

"'Give me a glance at that chart, jus' for a minute, Cap'n, will you?' says I.

"Cap'n Schmitt turned around to get the chart out of the locker, when suddenly he dropped his hands and said: 'What is that? D'ye hear that?'

"I heard it well enough. Em'ly Smith, out there in the fore-castle, had struck up and was singing 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,' and she sung it fine, too.

"'Oh, that's nothing,' says I, for I wanted to get my hands on the chart and to have the contract signed before I introduced him to Em'ly. 'That's Vanderwerken,' says I.

"'Vanderwerken's grandmother!' he says, wild with excitement. 'You have to steady yourself ag'in something when Vanderwerken sings. That's an angel, or I'm no judge. Let me get out o' that door.'

"'Cap'n Schmitt,' says I, putting myself betwixt him and the door, 'I don't want no trouble, but you can't pass me till I see that chart.'

"His eyes flamed fire and he looked like a fiend as he drawed his cutlass and made at me. But I picks up a chair and I says to him: 'Now, steady, steady, my man. Don't try no game o' bluff with me. Hand out that chart.'

"'I'll kill you!' says he, making a pass at me. 'Get out o' my way!' He struck at me, but I ketched the blade on the leg o' the chair. 'You can't skeer me,' says I. 'What are you, anyway? You're nothing but a scepter and if I couldn't whip a scepter I'd be ashamed to go home and meet my relations.'



“ ‘ That’s not unreasonable,’ says Cap’n Schmitt.” — See page 29

"He seen I meant business, so then he begun to holler for Vanderwerken.

"'Never mind Vanderwerken!' says I. 'The door's locked, and if it wasn't, I'm not afeered o' Vanderwerken.'

"'Just then we ketched the sound o' Em'ly Smith's voice ag'in. She was on the eleventh verse of 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.' Cap'n Schmitt dropped the p'int of his cutlass and listened.

"'Heavenly, ain't it?' says he.

"'Yes,' says I, 'heavenly it is, and that's the girl I had in my mind for you if you'd only play fair about that Barnegat Bay business. I never see such a fool as you—a-throwing away the only chance you're ever likely to git.'

"Then Cap'n Schmitt begun to quiet down and he says: 'She come along with you, did she?'

"'She did,' says I. 'I'm her protector and I'm a-going to protect her, too.'

"Cap'n Schmitt put away his cutlass and set down ag'in by the table.

"'I'll tell you, William,' says he, 'what I'll do. Give me a look at her, and if I fancy her, half the treasure's yourn.'

"'No,' says I, 'I'm a-taking no chances. Give me the chart or lose Em'ly.'

"'Is that her name?' says he, 'Em'ly! I always thought it was perfectly lovely. Em'ly what?'

"'Smith,' says I, 'pretty much the same as yourn. Hardly any trouble to change it.'

"Cap'n Smith begun to think, and while he was a-setting there thinking, the thirteenth verse come afloat in the cabin window, and it was clear to me something or other was making Em'ly Smith do her best.

She sung like a canary. As her voice died away, Cap'n Schmitt got up and went to the cupboard and takes out the chart and hands it to me and says:

"'Billy, I'll do it! But you'll divide even with me, if you get there fus'? You won't play me foul, will you William? Give me your hand on it,' and so I shook hands with him and then I opened the door and we went on deck.

"There was a kind o' half gloom, so's you couldn't see things quite plain, and the ship was a-plunging through the water. I glanced at the binnacle and found the compass a-p'inting jus' the way the ship was a-going. It always did that. Then I looked at my watch and it was jus' midnight. The works was a-going, but the hands never moved from twelve whilst I was on that ship. Fur away in the forecassle I could see the whites of Em'ly Smith's eyes as we moved towards her.

"There she was, still a-singing, and Vanderwerken set aside o' her on another bucket. He had a-holt of her hand and his eyes was shet, and he was a-moving his body backwards and forwards and sideways, keeping time to the music. He was jus' a-drinking it in; perfectly happy!

"So, when we come near, Cap'n Schmitt whispers to me:

"'She's somewhat darker than I expected, William.'

"'It's the gloom,' I says. 'She shows off better in the daylight.'

"'And I don't see,' says he, 'how we can honestly call her a fair young maiden, and that's the kind, you remember, that I have to have to lift the cuss.'

"'She's thirty-six,' says I, 'and that's very young compared with two hundred and fifty, and as for fair,

what I think is that she has to be fair in the sense that she'll play fair; jus' be honest, you know, and Em'ly Smith'll do that every time.'

"Em'ly Smith stopped singing jus' then, and Vanderwerken, keeping his eyes shet and still a-holding her hand, says, 'More, more! let's have some more, Em'ly!' So then Em'ly Smith starts in on the fifteenth verse, and as she drewed to the end of it, Cap'n Schmitt who heard her spell-bound, stepped over and kicked the bucket from underneath Vanderwerken, dropping him on the deck. Then Cap'n Schmitt turns to her and he says:

"'Which verse was that, Em'ly?'

"'The fifteenth,' says she.

"'Now, give us the sixteenth,' says he, and so Em'ly, who always was good natured, begun on the sixteenth.

"'When she stopped Cap'n Schmitt drawed me over to one side and says he: 'I think maybe we can make a trade, William. Em'ly wouldn't be jus' my fus' choice, but still there's a charm about her, particularly about her singing. I'm a little shy with girls,' says he, 'because I'm so much out o' practice. Would you mind opening out the subject to her for me?'

"'So I sets down along side o' Em'ly, on Vanderwerken's bucket, whilst Cap'n Schmitt goes to the bulwark and looks over; and whilst Em'ly was a good deal set up by Cap'n Schmitt's offer, she felt she was obleeged to decline it. She said she was already engaged to Arcturus Williams, the President of the Sons and Daughters and Brothers and Sisters of Aaron of the Tribe of Levi of Rising Sun, Philadelphia, and that, anyhow, even if she was willing to throw Arcturus over, she should

feel like going a little slow about marrying a man who seemed to her to be half scepter and half pirate.

"'Of course, I daresn't say this to Cap'n Schmitt or there'd be trouble right off, and the Barnegat Bay treasure would never come my way, so I had to resort to duplicity.

"'Calling Cap'n Schmitt over by the forecastle scuttle I says to him: 'Em'ly says she prefers Vanderwerken.'

"'He was pretty mad. 'I'll have to keel-haul Vanderwerken yet,' says he.

"'But Em'ly has a kind heart,' says I, continuing, 'and she's willing to sacrifice her own feelings to lift the cuss from you; and in my opinion that's handsome, only she must have conditions.'

"'What conditions?' says Cap'n Schmitt.

"'She promised her ma afore she left home that if she ever got married she wouldn't have any parson marry her but Brother Wiley of the Brick Church, and if you're willing to wait till she can git him, she's yourn with love and kind regards.'

"'That's not unreasonable,' says Cap'n Schmitt, 'but what I want to know is how's she going to git Brother Wiley and how am I and Brother Wiley and Em'ly Smith going to come together.'

"'So we talked it over fur a while and finally Cap'n Schmitt agreed that me and Em'ly should try to git ashore, and hunt up Brother Wiley and meet Cap'n Schmitt's ship three miles off Barnegat light on the fifteenth of March at twelve o'clock midnight, ezzackly.

"'Then we shook hands all around and Cap'n Schmitt tenderly kissed Em'ly good-bye. As I helped her over the side into our boat I handed

the Barnegat Bay chart to Cap'n Schmitt to hold for a minute, and when all was ready, he put the chart at me and says:

"Promise me now, William, that you will divide fair, but don't cross your breath to it, for that won't go here!"

"Well, sir, I don't know what made me do it, but afore I could take the chart out of his hands, I crossed my breath and that very minute there was a loud Bang! and I was whirled round and round in the air and become unconscious.

"When I come to, I found myself laying in one end o' the boat, whilst Em'ly Smith set in the other end singing softly to herself the nineteenth verse of 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.' The sun was jus' a-gitting up and the flood-tide was a-sweeping the boat into Delaware Bay.

"Well, the short of it is that we

run ashore at Cape May, and Em'ly and me come up home on the train. But both she and Brother Wiley backed dead out on the fifteenth of March, and on the sixteenth she married President Arcturus Williams of Rising Sun.

"As for that Barnegat Bay treasure, there it's a-laying and there it'll go on a-laying, whilst William Potsherd, who might 've been a millionaire, can't rub two dollars together."

Then William Potsherd, arose and went downstairs to help fix the chairs for the evening meeting at the Mission; and the Chaplain came into the room.

"Been chatting with Potsherd, have you?" he asked

"Yes."

"He'd be a good enough man but for one thing: he has really malignant animosity for the Ninth Commandment."



THE END



Art in Arcadia

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP

A talkative advance agent, coming upon a town which was still filled with jubilant song birds instead of English sparrows, had confidently booked the play for the town-hall, sure that here, where they never saw a show, they would turn out to a man. The star was pictured as beautiful beyond description, and there were large headlines on all the posters mentioning the fact that the chorus was made up of the handsomest and shapeliest young women that could be found in New York.

Perhaps it was this announcement that "queered the show," as the young man at the box-office expressed it, after his aquiline nose had been visible there for some weary hours with a total sale of five tickets. It was not that Staunton was averse to the theater. The town-hall had often resounded to prolonged applause over amateur performances which were given with much spirit by local talent; and there had been "entertainments" which were prolonged far into the night, because every number on the programme was cheerfully and impartially encored. Once a traveling troupe had rendered "Ten Nights in

a Bar-room" with such effect that the entire town wept, and a temperance wave set in that threatened to engulf Sim Reese, the picturesque and versatile town drunkard.

But now! The handsomest and shapeliest young women that could be found in New York! What did this mean? Mrs. Young, who had once spent a winter in the city, explained in whispers. Tights! Virtue arose and gathered her voluminous robes about her, and made remarks to her husband and sons. The consequence was that only five tickets passed through the little window at the box-office, and that the Athenian Opera Company went to pieces in Staunton; the gentleman with the aquiline profile having taken the precaution to depart quietly with whatever money had been accumulated during the season. The Athenians mostly reached what they called civilization again by many devious roads, leaving only one piece of flotsam and jetsam behind them.

A pale and thoughtful man of thirty experienced a shock as he came upon her most unexpectedly. He was Dr. Lawrence Redford, last of a long line of gentlemen and gen-

tlewomen, who had given mental and moral tone to Staunton and elsewhere for many generations. She was a slim, undeveloped girl, mostly hair and eyes, and the hair was dark and curled, and the eyes were blue—all of them that was not red with much weeping. This was the last girl in the chorus on your left as you sat facing the stage. She had made her advent into stage life at the age of six months, when she was brought on in a basket and in the act of being stolen by an apple-woman. She had cried lustily on that occasion, and she had cried many times since, for she hated the life; but never had she wept with greater earnestness than now, when Dr. Redford came upon her in the corridor of the little hotel. She had leaned her head against the wall in childish abandonment to her grief, her slight shoulders shaken and her handkerchief soaked.

"Is anything wrong? Can I help?" asked a gentle voice, and the chorus girl raised her red eyes and looked into a face that was not of her world.

"They all got away but me!" she cried sobbingly. "And I haven't a cent and can't stay on at the hotel—and I don't know what to do. If I could just stay somewhere until I could get word to Jack—I'd have money in a week or two—but they are going to turn me out of here—and what'll I do?"

She put her head against the wall and cried again, and yet even then she recognized the fact that Dr. Redford had stiffened at the name of Jack. How was he to know that Jack was her aunt—red-nosed, heavy of fist—the Mrs. Jackman who had always been about the stage, and luxuriated in it, and was known to all the fraternity behind the footlights as Jack?

"I will see the landlord—you need

not be uneasy," he said, a little coldly. "You can stay here for to day. By evening I will find you a place better fitted for a girl—alone—than a hotel. There, don't cry any more."

The girl had never been spoken to in that tone—so gently, so considerately. She looked up suddenly and watched his retreating form as he went down the corridor. Then she ran, fleet-footed, to the head of the stairs, and a red and moist little face leaned over the balustrade and kept him in sight as he descended the stairs. She listened to his low voice as he spoke to the landlord in the hall below, and was eager about catching the last sound of his retreating footsteps. The chorus girl of the Athenians forgot to bathe her eyes, but she wept no more.

Half an hour later Mrs. Redford, elegant in her morning gown, with her gray hair and her gold-rimmed glasses, was having her first real difference with her son.

"I am astonished at you, Lawrence!" she said with spirit. "Asking me to receive a creature like that—in my house——"

"She doesn't look like a creature," said Dr. Redford, and his resolute mouth was very much like his mother's. "At any rate, she is a girl, all alone, in a strange town, and some woman must show her kindness. Will you be that woman, mother?"

Mrs. Redford arose, twirling her eye-glasses by their gold chain around an agitated finger.

"I can't imagine," she said coldly, "how you could suppose that I would be involved in an affair like that."

Whereupon, not knowing her son very well, she left the room. Before an hour had passed he had found an abiding place for the girl in the neat



"She kept him in sight as he descended the stairs."

home of an old woman whose rheumatism he had long fought for sweet charity's sake. He took her there in a cab, greatly scandalizing the landlord's wife and three other ladies who were witnesses of the deed. The redness had departed from her eyes, and had left her pretty in a thin-faced, large-eyed way, but she was very silent.

"My name on the bills was Gladys Ray," she said; "but my real name is Annie Rayne. I thought you ought to know."

That constituted her only speech. He introduced himself gravely, and left her with old Mrs. Brown.

His mother met him that evening with compressed lips, and, flaming eyes. She had heard.

"Now that you have made yourself conspicuous," she said bitterly, "and have succeeded in getting your name into everybody's mouth, I hope you will leave that—that girl alone!"

Dr. Redford looked up from his dinner, a straight line appearing between his brows.

"Who has been talking about it?—and what was said?" he asked quietly—so quietly that his mother was deceived, and felt that he must be stirred up by forcible speech.

"It was talked over at the Grandison's—this is their day at home," she said. "And Mrs. Waring was there, and heard it, and told me—and I heard it from the Lanes—and Melissa Biggs—she stood in her garden and saw you take the—take her in at old Mrs. Brown's."

"That's good!" said Dr. Lawrence Redford with a hard look in his eyes. "If Melissa will watch she will see me go in there this evening—and every evening—twice or three times a day, perhaps. It's no use, mother—I can't be forced or driven into doing anything—or leaving anything

undone. Since no woman would undertake to befriend this girl, I have undertaken it myself, and I am going to see it through. Tell that to the gossiping women who come to my mother to tell silly tales about her son."

Mrs. Redford stared at him, her lips trembling and her face turning white.

"And all this," she whispered, "for a creature—like that——"

"Her name is Miss Rayne," said the son, rising from the table. "This will save you the necessity of hesitation for something to call her."

He was going out of the room, but a feeling of tenderness for the white-haired woman whose eyes were on him made him turn back.

"If you would go there now with me, mother," he said, half-pleadingly, "it would stop all the talk—and you wouldn't be sorry afterwards, I think."

She turned away from him, white with anger, and he laughed bitterly as he put on his hat.

"It isn't that I like the stage," she said reflectively. "I have merely been there all my life—have grown up there—just as you have grown up in a lovely home and with the sweetest mother in the world—Mrs. Brown told me that."

She was sitting quite unaffectedly with her elbows on a table and her chin in her palms. He could see how angular the elbows were, through the thin sleeves—poor little forlorn waif—and felt very sorry for her.

"If you don't like it, why don't you leave it?" he asked kindly. "There must be many other kinds of work you could do."

"I'm not fit for anything," she cried desolately. "A child of ten would beat me sewing. When my

stage things get torn I pucker them up till they look disgraceful. I can't cook a thing in the world—yes—I can toast marshmallows on a hat-pin—but I couldn't make a living that way, could I?—and I'm too ignorant to go into an office. No, there's nothing for me but the stage—and I don't make much headway there. Oh, I wonder if women know how fortunate they are when they can live in homes—good homes—"

He felt very sorry for her—very sorry, indeed.

"We'll talk it over tomorrow when I come again," he said. "Perhaps something can be managed."

Old Mrs. Brown remarked the next day that she had never seen so many people drive past her house in any one day. All at once this street seemed to have become the popular thoroughfare, though it had never been a busy street before. A thin little face was at the window, looking forth wistfully, and quite indifferent to the people who were passing. She was not thinking of them.

"Oh, you have come!" she cried, in the door at sunset, and Dr. Redford held out his hand to her for the first time, and the people who were driving by felt that they ought to go at once and tell their neighbors.

Which they proceeded to do.

"You see, here everything is so different," sighed the girl with the angular elbows on the table and the chin on the palms. "I have never seen a man like you—oh, not at all!—not in the least! They are all so free and so—so familiar with the

girls—and they smoke in your face—and laugh if you try to be good. And some of the girls are so awful. You don't know how this seems, to be here in this little town where the people are all good."

Dr. Redford winced, and pulled at his mustache. He had just been expressing to his mother his opinion of



"I can't be forced or driven into doing anything."

the goodness of some of the people he knew. But he was immensely sorry for the little chorus girl who was staring at him solemnly above the slim, useless fingers.

"You needn't go back to it," he said definitely. "There will be some other way."

He had not put the other way into words—he had turned his mental vision away from it when it tried to

look in upon him; but there was no doubt he would soon turn and face it.

And yet, it might never have come to pass but for an occurrence he had not foreseen. When he went to see her Saturday night there was a red flush on her cheeks and a fleeting fire in the glance of the wide blue eyes.

"A lady came to see me to-day," she said, getting into her favorite attitude and plunging into the middle of the affair. "She said her name was Waring."

"Sent by my mother," he said to himself. There was a minute's silence before he looked up.

"Well?"

"Well—she offered me money—my passage back to New York. I told her I didn't care to go back—not now, at least—and she said I must go—I would be driven out of town if I stayed. Do you believe that?"

"I do not," said the man. His mouth was dry, and speech was difficult.

"Neither did I." She laughed like a child, and tossed the curls back from her forehead. "I told her so, and that I should stay here as long as I liked—and I had quit the stage, and you were going to get me another position—and she left me in a great rage. Why should she want me to go away, I wonder?"

She lost sight of her own question when he looked up and held out his hand to her across the table.

"Will you be my wife?" he asked. "Knowing me as little as you do, and seeing what my life is, will you be my wife?"

She sat as if paralyzed for a long time. Then she moved a little and gave a long-drawn, incredulous "Oh-h-h-h!"

After awhile she touched his hand timidly with her cold fingers.

"Did you mean that?" she whispered. "Or were you only joking?"

"I was not joking, heaven knows," he said, taking the hand between both his own. There was a fierce look on his face, but she was too moved to notice it.

"To live in a home!" she gasped; "a real home—and be taken care of—and with you—you! Oh, if you only are not joking——"

She was sobbing, and the tears ran down her cheeks. He took his own handkerchief to wipe them away, and kissed her very gently.

"Don't worry any more—about anything," he said with authority. "We will go quietly out and be married some day next week—and then—it's you and I against the world!"

"You and I against the world!" She lay in the dark all that night, her eyes wide open, staring at nothing, the handkerchief which he had dropped pressed between her throbbing palms. You and I against the world! What did the world matter? It was gone—that old life—its vanities, its repulsions, its uncongenial surroundings, its vulgar jests and coarse familiarities. She would learn to be like his mother—she would be gentle and gracious to every one—above all, she would never cry again. All that was done.

When she arose next morning her heart was still singing psalms, and it seemed to her there was but one place to go. She had not thought of seeing him there at first, but the light of joy flashed into her eyes when she saw him sitting with his mother in a pew opposite the strangers' pew where she was. As for him, the service was almost over when he became conscious of that faint, indefinable stir which can sound in a church louder than the



"You see, everything is so different here."

trump of doom; and he looked up—and saw where all eyes were turned—and saw her.

His face was grave and stern when, the benediction having been pronounced, he tried to make his way to her. Her eyes were on his tall form, alight with joy and pride; but women thronged the aisles, and in a moment it was too late. All around her was an angry buzz of comment, and some of it was intentionally loud.

"The cheek of it!" cried one scornful young voice rudely.

"And right here in the presence of Mrs. Redford!" murmured another voice with silken softness. "And Bertha Lee here, too, poor girl—and such a match as that would have been for him. Look at her now—white as a sheet. Why, she's loved him all her life—and think what Bertha's family is!—Order of the Crown, and all that!"

"He's simply ruining himself," said clear and indignant young tones. "There's Mrs. Waring coming out with Mrs. Redford—she's stood by her so nobly—you know she tried to buy the girl off—but women like that are so brazen!"

Mrs. Redford and Mrs. Waring came down the aisle together. Women made way to let them pass; but as they went by the strangers' pews Mrs. Redford lifted her head and looked the girl in the eyes.

Not that the girl in the strangers' pew noticed even that, very much. Her lips were parted in a frightened, painful smile. She was looking at a tall, beautiful girl who stood just a little space away, with her lips compressed and her eyes flashing. She had heard.

Suddenly the beautiful girl came straight toward her. She was holding out her hand—her lips were smiling.

"I am so glad you came out to-day," she said, looking down into the little ashen face. "You are Miss Rayne, I know—I have heard Dr. Redford speak of you. My carriage is at the door—let me take you home. It will scarcely be out of my way."

And the descendent of kings in a right queenly manner led the little chorus girl away from the staring eyes and venomous tongues, and sat down beside her in the carriage.

She had loved him all her life. That was what they said—those women, back there in the church—she had loved him all her life—and such a match as that would have been for him—and he was ruining himself.

All that long evening the chorus girl sat still in her room—not at the window this time—oh, no—drawn away back into the darkest corner.

There was his knock—"not this evening—ask him to come to-morrow evening. Oh, no—it would soon be well—I have such a headache—but it is not very bad—it is really nothing—but I am going to lie down—see, I am lying down now!"

You and I against the world. You and I against that proud, white-haired mother—and against all the bitter speech—you and I against the Order of the Crown!

She heard a clock strike somewhere. Three o'clock. And at four the early morning train passed through. She crept stiffly out of bed, and made a light, and found pen and ink and wrote.

"They are all against me," she said in the faint little scrawl, "and I think for your sake I ought to go away. I have had the money for two days, but I wouldn't say anything about it, because I was afraid you would think I ought to go."

Then she paused, and wrung her thin fingers.

"Oh, it won't do—he would never be stopped by that—he would follow me!" she cried in an agony. "I must write something else. I must make him hate me!"

So she tore the page, and wrote again, and one of the tears that kept falling, falling, fell upon the middle of the sheet and blurred it, in spite of all her care. But there was no time for more.

"He'll never notice that," she whispered desolately, as she sealed the letter and left it on the table. But her eyes were quite dry as she slipped out of the house, and along the silent streets, and into the train that came panting in through the starless dusk of early morning. She strained her eyes at the window towards his home, seeing nothing but the reflection of her own poor, pallid little face.

"That was my last chance—the only chance I've ever had," she whispered.

"I've got money from Jack, and am going to New York," was what the hopeless little scrawl said. "I thought once I'd try to endure this town, but my, what a life! How do you stand it? I couldn't stay away from the stage, and so I am telling you good-bye."

It was months after the poor little

note sent its stab to his heart before Dr. Redford looked at it again. He came on it one day among some old letters; and reading it again with a hurt look in his eyes, saw for the first time the little blur in the middle of the page.

Bertha Lee, driving along the main street of the little town, saw him standing at a crossing waiting until she should pass and looking at her with unseeing eyes. She drew rein and leaned gaily down to speak to him.

"Whither away, Sir Knight?" she asked, questioning that far-off look in his eyes; and he roused himself at the sound of her voice.

"I am off for New York," he said, replying to the outside of the question. "I am going to try to solve a mystery."

A little of the sweet rose tint faded from her face, but she smiled at him still.

"That sounds like a detective story," she said gaily.

"Perhaps it is," he replied absently. "It is the mystery of a little blur on a sheet of paper. I am glad I met you—it gives me an opportunity to say *au revoir*."

She held out her hand and clasped his.

"Good-bye, Lawrence," she said. And after he had gone quite out of sight, she took up the reins again. "Good-bye," she whispered.

A Daughter of Philistia

BY HENRY M. HYDE

The fat Turk in the red fez, who made Egyptian cigarettes over on the West side, sat in his regular seat at "Ma'am" Cheret's big clothless table. Narcissus Nicholas, the plump, little, round-faced cherub of an Italian waiter, had just brought in the coffee and the Turk was smoking one of his own cigarettes.

"Say what you please about your freedom and your opportunities," he was saying as I came into the room, "it's all wrong. It isn't natural. You'll find it out, too, sooner or later. Our way of treating women is nearer right. Bah! The things I see in this country."

He was speaking excellent English and waving his hands promiscuously at the "gang," but I could see that he was really talking at the Dragon and the two young persons she had under her formidable protection. There was a distinct sneer in his voice.

We younger fellows who dined regularly at the fifty-cent *table d'hôte* had what we thought in those days was a smart trick of grading the beauty of all the women we saw on a regular decimal percentage, with one hundred as the highest possible ideal. It had its advantages, too, for when a pretty girl swam into sight it was easy to say, "Brad, here comes a good ninety-two," and when the appraisal was less flattering it saved embarrassment to simply chop out "Twenty-three," and let it go at that.

Well, I remember the first time the Dragon appeared at the Cheret table. Bradford glanced over at her for a moment, and then turned to me and said in a tragical whisper, "Minus 96."

That gives the best idea I can of the Dragon's personal appearance, and also explains why she was always selected as a chaperone by pretty young artists from the Studio building who hesitated to climb up to the second story of an Italian tenement house by their dear, little unprotected selves.

The night I am telling about, one of the young persons whom the Dragon had under her protecting wing was Helen Ramsey. It makes no difference who the other one was. You didn't see her at all. The Dragon loomed up in the middle like an overdue laundry bill. At her right Helen Ramsey filled our eyes with the pink and white and golden realities of all our dreams. The chair on the left was also occupied. Hang a Titian up beside a badly modeled charcoal and you'll know what I mean.

"On the streets, at the opera, in the ball-room—everywhere," the Turk went on. "It disgusts me. Your women are pretty and good, but too——"

Maniella, the Florentine sculptor, whose courtly manners and pointed black beard have won him many commissions to make portrait busts, was about to speak, but the Dragon was first.

"Ben Hassan," she snapped, "you don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't I?" he caught up the challenge. "Why I'm a living example myself of the evils of the freedom you allow American women. Look at me. What on earth am I? I'm a man without any country or any religion, making Egyptian cigarettes out of Wisconsin tobacco over on the



"Narcissus, the Italian waiter, had just brought in the coffee."

West side of Chicago. Once I was a happy young Turk, with every prospect of growing up to have a nice, respectable harem of my own and becoming a useful member of society—according to Turkish standards. I made three bows to the East every morning at sunrise, and thought I was doing quite the proper thing. In fact, in those days I rarely had a pang of conscience, for I was doing the best I knew how.

"Then in this ridiculous, free way of yours you let a pretty young girl from Boston come over to convert us. She wore little gold eye-glasses and funny little black dresses with white lace collars, and she had a pretty hard time of it.

"She had written out 'Methodist Mission House; All Are Invited' and taken it down to the village sign painter to have it done on a board to hang over the door of her little house. And the painter had painted her a sign which read, 'Good Mohammedans Will Keep Out of This Infidel Joint,' and she, because she didn't know any better, had hung it up over the door and sat in the window and looked out and wondered why everybody smiled when they

went by and nobody ever came inside.

"I felt sorry for the girl and went in and told her what was the matter. Then she set to work on me—I spoke a little French, and so did she—and inside of a month she had me converted. If she had told me to bow down and worship a pig I would have done it—I was young and a fool. Then, of course, after she got me converted she up and married another missionary, with a white string necktie and an Adam's apple which stuck out like a gable end of a house."

"It's too bad about you," broke in Bradford, who started in life as a machinist's helper and has since degenerated into a landscape artist; "it's too bad about you. It's enough to make a man cry. Have you got another cigarette?"

"Yes it is," the Turk went on. "That's just what it is. After that girl got me converted, my family kicked me out, my father went down to the mosque and put hot ashes on his bald old head to show his shame and humiliation, my friends cut me dead, and they made things so uncomfortable for me generally that I

cleared out, and here I am. Net results: one family broken all to pieces, and me."

"It was rude of them to treat you so badly, Benny," said Bradford.

"Oh, it was, was it? You people over here are so kind and gentle with the Mormons and other missionaries who come around to convert your sons and daughters that you can afford to talk, I suppose. Tar and feathers is the usual dose, I believe."

"Ben Hassan," snapped the Dragon, "what on earth has that got to do with it."

"It's got this," he shot back. "It shows the result of allowing young girls to run around with the idea that they're called to be missionaries, or lawyers, or artists," with a challenging wave of the hand at the Dragon. "The idea"—he was mad, now—"of allowing a pretty, young girl like Miss ——" his fat forefinger was moving in the direction of Helen Ramsey, but he never finished the sentence.

"Look at the Count," Brad whispered to me just then, and I glanced across the table. The Count's big German face was all red, save for the little criss-crossed white marks on it, where the dueling foils had scratched. When the Count's face went that color he was ready to do things.

"International complications," whispered Brad, who never could face a crisis seriously. "War cloud in the Balkans."

Count von Zollern's big right elbow came round suddenly. It struck the big soup tureen and the soup tureen tipped over.

"*Donnerwetter!*" said the Count as he got up. But the Turk was up first. Most of the soup had landed in his lap. The chief virtue of Ma'am Cheret's soup was its exceeding heat. Otherwise it consisted

chiefly of black beans and water.

They carried the Turk out to the kitchen and put ice on him and Ma'am Cheret poured some of her justly celebrated olive oil over the burns. The Count went out and apologized profusely. Offered to do anything he could, even to allowing the Turk the choice of weapons if apologies did not suit him.

The others finished their cigarettes and went climbing down the long, dark stairway and Brad turned to me with a smile.

"Is that the first you knew of it?" he said.

"No," I answered, "I've seen it coming ever since Miss Hundred Plus struck town. He's been hanging around her like a starving dog. I didn't know it was quite so bad, though."

"Oh, he's a crazy Dutchman," declared the irreverent Brad. "Old Ben didn't mean any harm, and there was no sense in baptizing him with boiling black bean soup, just because he waved his finger in her direction."

"He is a funny one," I admitted. "Old Braunheimer, the brewer, heard that the Count was from his native province in Germany, and went over to see him on the strength of it. The old man offered him \$300 to knock out a lot of carved cornices and cupids and things for his new house on the Drive, and the Count showed him the door."

"I am a sculptor, sir," was what the Count said as he showed the brewer out.

Little Jimmy Lincoln was in his studio at the time. He excused himself to the Count, caught the brewer on the second landing, offered to cut him two dozen assorted cupids for \$250, and got the job."

"I'll bet the Count didn't have a dollar in the house at the time."

"Yes, he did. Probably had just about that much. Told me the other day he was still living on what he made at the World's Fair."

"I'm afraid the Count'll starve to death before he gets another job he thinks is worthy of him," Brad declared. "His idea of art is all right, but it won't do in this man's town. He could be busy all the time and

won't sell his artistic soul for \$15."

"Artistic soul," laughed Brad. "Artistic baked beans! Just because there is no demand for heroic figures of Venus and Juno is no reason why a hard-up Dutch stone-chipper should refuse to cut a portrait bust of a real estate agent. The Count makes me tired."

"Wait till he gets an inspiration,"



"'I am a sculptor, sir,' was what the Count said."

knock out a good living if he'd come down to cutting cornices and modeling fancy statuettes. Why, old Mannheimer offered to buy all the Dancing Fauns he could turn out at \$15 a running foot, and the Count threatened to kick him across State Street.

"Well," I ventured, "I know the Count is foolish, but it's a good thing there is one of the gang who

I persisted loyally, for I had a great affection for the big German, "and he'll make a statue that'll set the world afire. He's a genius if there ever was one. Why, man, you should hear him talk. His head is full of the most beautiful dreams—"

"I prefer to have my stomach full of food, at least occasionally."

"He'll be famous, Brad, when you and I——"

"Are clipping coupons and spending our summers in Paris. I suppose you think the Ramsey creation in pink and mauve'll inspire him!"

Brad and I quarreled all the way home, and when I woke in the morning the first thing I thought of was the Count. After breakfast I walked over to his rooms on the wrong side of Clark Street. I found him wearing a dirty white Mother Hubbard modeling gown, and sitting in a blue funk beside a pile of clay.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Gott!" he said in his deep voice, and with a queer shrug of the shoulder, "everding's de madder. Sit down. I tell you all about him, yes?"

The Count and I were confidants of three years' unvexed standing.

"I'm a fool," he began. "For why mus' I do dat?"

"Do what," I asked.

"Fall in love mid dat girl—dat beautiful goddess von de West—dot tream schild von dose prairies? Marry me? Of gourse nod. For why schould she? Vhen I hadt stayed in de army till mein fadder dies, den dere might pe some chance for der Count von Zollern, nicht wahr? But den I would never have seen her. Bah! It is all dangled up. What is de quickest vay, mein frendt, gharcoal oder der pistol?"

"Don't get daffy, old man," I said. "Brace up. You haven't asked the girl to marry you, have you?"

"Andt mein heart is vull of de greatest statue in de vorldt. I zee it all so plain. Here is de white crest von de big wave at zee full. In de trough below little zee gherubs swim und wave branches von zee-weeds und coral. Up above, riding on dat vave like a throne is de goddess, mein goddess, mein glorious Aphrodite. Vhen I makes dot statue I

dakes him back to Paris—to mein Berlin. I leave dis tam town. I dake him back mit me vhere der peeple knows art und loves him. Dey give one look at mein statue; dey tsay, von Zollern is a great artist! Zee, dat is mein tream. Und here I sit mit dis pile of mudt und do noddings. Vhat can I do? In de first blace, I have no moneys to hire a model. Und vhen I have de moneys dere is no model fid to sit for mein statue."

That evening I sat next to the Dragon at dinner. The Count wasn't there. Helen Ramsey was next the Dragon, and she was chatting with two young men new to the Cheret table.

"Who are they," I whispered.

"Friends of Helen's."

"What's their graft? Mud? Oil? Water? Words?"

"Don't be vulgar," said the Dragon. "They're not your kind of young men."

The Dragon and myself meet on a plane of armed neutrality. I consider her a savage old beast whom it is not pleasant to poke. She thinks I'm a pretty good sort of my kind, but she doesn't like the kind.

"The handsome one," she went on, "is a son of Robert Elliot, the tin-plate magnate."

"Do tell," I answered irreverently.

"Do you suppose he's got \$10 to loan a friend? And where did His Timplates meet Helen Ramsey?"

"At the studio last Friday. He came up with his sister. They bought a couple of my little things," she said, with an amusing affectation of modesty. Can you imagine an affected Dragon?

"Now I can understand why you think him handsome," I answered meanly. "The Count isn't here to-night. I wonder where the old chap is?"

"I wish he was in Guinea," declared the Dragon fervently. "I certainly do have my hands full between him and Helen Ramsey."

"Helen Ramsey," I said. "Why, I didn't suppose she'd waste a minute on the Count."

"She thinks he's a genius," said the Dragon. "I think he's just a plain loon. She thinks that if he gets a chance he'll become a world famous sculptor. I think he's got a better chance to draw first prize in the Louisiana lottery."

"You're too hard on him," I started to interrupt, but the Dragon hurried on. We could talk in perfect safety, for Helen Ramsey and the two youths were in gales of laughter over the latter's efforts to eat Ma'am Cheret's spaghetti without cutting it, while at the other end of the table two young painters just back from Paris were trying to make vocal demonstration of the fact that the Marseillaise is the most intoxicating song in the world.

"You know what I think of you," the Dragon went on with engaging frankness. "Well, I'd rather a hundred times see Helen Ramsey married to you than to that big, lubberly, German loon."

"Madam," I said, putting my hand on what in the pleasant twilight of Ma'am Cheret's two smoky oil lamps might still have been regarded as a spotless white shirt bosom, "madam, you do me too much honor."

"Yes," the Dragon pursued, "and when I got back to the studio this afternoon from a trip down town, what do you think I found? Helen Ramsey sitting on a little table with that crazy Count kneeling down on a rug at her feet. They were so busy they never noticed me come in. He was calling her his 'goddess of dose Western p-p-prairies,' his 'tream

tschild,' and I don't know what other rubbish. And that girl actually sat there and looked as if she liked it. Can you imagine it of any woman?"

"Not of you, Madam," I protested with a shiver.

"I tramped in, and the Count jumped up and looked as if he would like to eat me."

"He's almost starving, you know," I ventured, but the Dragon paid no heed.

"I sent him flying, and then I sat down and talked to the girl. She's almost as crazy as he is."

"He'll be world famous," she said to me.

"Did you ever try fried fame for breakfast," I asked her."

"Madam," I interrupted, "you were a brute."

"And I'd love to be the wife of a great man," she raved on."

"Very natural, I'm sure. Think how nice it must have been to have had 'Mrs. Michael Angelo' engraved on your calling cards in old English script."

"Hush," said the Dragon, looking at me severely. "Don't interrupt me again. And I told her that the Count had no right to ask anyone to marry him. 'If he is a great genius let him prove it,' I told her. 'If he is to be a world-famous sculptor, let him go ahead and earn enough to live on comfortably.'"

"The girl actually broke down and cried. Said she loved the Count or his art, she wasn't sure which. At any rate, if he became a great master after she had refused him she should never forgive herself or me either."

"And he's just going to make his masterpiece," she boo-hooed. "It's to be a Venus rising from the waves. He's going to take it to Paris for the Exposition and to Berlin. It is to

make him famous. It will, too. I know it will. I wish I could help him. I would do anything. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Just then," went on the Dragon, "I heard somebody coming up the stairs. I knew it was young Mr. Elliot and his friend coming up to take us to dinner. We had an engagement, you know. And I just had time to send Helen to wash her face when they rapped. Her eyes are red yet, do you see?"

I looked over at the beautiful girl and I wondered anew at the capabilities of woman. Here she was only two years from an Iowa farm, and yet in one afternoon she had rejected an artistic German baron and played hob with the affections of two impressionable young millionaires.

I heard more about the love affairs of the Count and Helen Ramsey in the next few weeks.

"She luffs me," the Count confided one evening as we sat over our steins one evening in my studio. "But she says she vill not bind me to any promise that will hinder mein vork. Ve are to wait until I finish my masterpiece and take it over to Paris. Ah! my Aphrodite that is to be. She vill vin me botd fame and the most beautiful woman in de vorlde for mein vife."

And so on.

It was pathetic in its buoyant enthusiasm.

"Have you started the statue," I asked him.

He raved on for ten minutes, telling me how he had started three or four times, each time with a different model, but had made no progress. He couldn't find a model that would do at all. He was almost discouraged.

A week later it was the same way.

"Maniella sendt me up dat Greek

girl von de West side und I hat three different models von die Art Institute," he said, "but dey don't please me. I don't know vat to do."

I told him to go ahead and trust something to inspiration. But he shook his head.

"It is all so blain in mein headt," he declared. "I muss have a model dat is something like mein tream. Dese girls are all angles and awkwardness und mein gottess is as beautiful and graceful as—" He stopped abruptly without completing the sentence.

After that I missed the Count for a couple of weeks. He never came over to Cheret's, nor near my studio, and when I went over to his rooms I invariably found him out. At any rate I got no answer when I pounded on his door.

The Dragon and Helen Ramsey were as regular as usual. One evening I asked the ancient artist if she knew the Count's whereabouts.

"Why should I know anything about him?" she answered with what I thought was unnecessary emphasis. There was a look in her eyes which made me certain that she knew more than appeared.

"What's the use of giving me that?" I taunted, trying a shot in the dark. It struck home. She turned to me with a startled look in her eyes.

"What has he been telling you?" she demanded.

"Telling me? Why, I haven't seen the man for a month."

But I made up my mind right then to solve the mystery. Not that I'm curious at all, but I felt I really ought to find out what had become of my friend.

I climbed his stairs the next evening and reached his door just as the Dragon and Helen Ramsey were coming out. The three of us almost



"That girl actually sat there and looked as if she liked it."

fainted, but I got my senses in time to stop the Count before he closed his door. He didn't seem at all glad to see me and ordered me to stand there in the doorway behind an old screen for a minute, while he pulled the curtain which cut off one-half of the room. Then we sat down and lit our pipes.

"Where have you been?" I asked first of all.

"At work," he answered.

"Then you have found a model at last?"

"I have found a model at last," he repeated in a tone that was reverential.

"Where did you pick her up?" I ventured.

The Count noisily knocked the ashes out of his pipe just then, on the brick fireplace, and I saw that network of little white lines come out again against the red background of his face. It was plain that he didn't care to talk about it.

"Let's see it as far as you've got," I asked; but he refused me curtly.

"Wait till it is finished," he said. So there was nothing for it to do but wait with as much patience as I could command. The weeks went by and the Count seemed only a memory to most of the "regulars" at Ma'am Cheret's. The Dragon and the exquisite Ramsey, with her rose-tints and melting curves, honored us now and then. I only waited.

Finally the Count sent for me. He met me at the door and took me into the room, talking in a hushed tone as if we were in a church.

"It is done," he said, and there was both rapture and reverence in his voice. "It is for you to be the first to see her," he said.

"Except yourself and the model," I interrupted.

Then he pulled away the curtain.

I simply caught my breath. I studied three years at the Beaux Arts in Paris, you know, and I've seen about all there is to see in the way of marble cutting, but never anywhere have I laid eyes on such a living, breathing incarnation of glorified womanhood. It was divine in its purity and beauty.

I looked at von Zollern, but he turned away his eyes and said nothing. I looked back at the statue and had no need to ask who had been his model. None but a chisel inspired by love could have wrought so wondrously. Without a question it was a masterpiece and there was only one woman in the world who could have posed for it. As I looked, the very marble seemed to shrink under my searching eyes.

I don't know exactly what I said or how I got out of the rooms. At the time the thing seemed to be something tremendous and overpowering and it left me almost speechless and quite as senseless. I walked home in the cool night air and thought what it all meant and might mean. It seemed first of all the most beautiful thing I had ever heard or read of. Certainly no woman could give a stronger proof of her love than she had done. And yet—nothing was to come of it unless the statue won fame for the sculptor. But of that there was no doubt in my mind. Nor is there now.

Von Zollern boxed up his model without showing it to anyone else. That was on my advice. There was no need to ask the judgment of critics upon it. The statue was above and beyond criticism, and I could see no use in making public property of the secret, which it preached to all the world. So I was the only person who saw—or who ever saw—the most beautiful statue

ever cut of marble, except the sculptor, the girl who posed for it, and—as I learned afterward—the Dragon.

Count von Zollern packed up the model, as I say, and I went down to see him off for New York. He wired me that he had sailed directly to Bordeaux. He had planned to have the life-sized figure cut in Rome.

Well, that is practically all there is to this story, except a couple of newspaper clippings. The one covered, at the time, the whole first page of almost every newspaper in the world. It told of the sinking of the great ocean steamer *Burgoyne* with almost all of her passengers and crew, but only one paragraph is pertinent here. It is printed under a heading, "List of Missing Passengers."

"Among those who stuck to the ship and went down with her when she pitched headlong into the depths was Herr von Zollern, a German

sculptor from Chicago. It is understood that he had on board several statues designed for exhibition at the Paris Exposition."

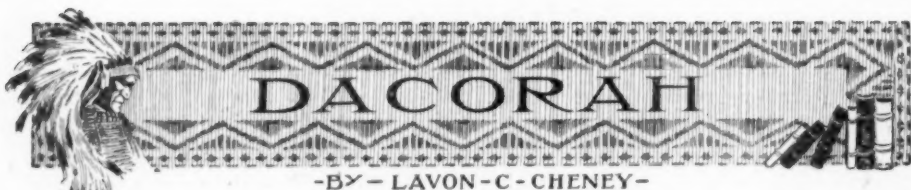
It must have been at least three months later that in glancing over the society column of the *Chicago Sunday Forum* I ran across this notice:

"Married.—At the home of the bride's parents near Eldora, Iowa, Mr. Robert Elliot, Jr., of Chicago, and Miss Helen Ramsey. Mr. Elliot is the only son of Robert Elliot, the tin-plate magnate. The bridal couple will be at home in Chicago after spending several months in Europe."

I have the two clippings pinned together on my desk, and I often cynically wonder whether the poor old Count, sleeping with his masterpiece under two hundred fathoms of salt water, didn't really escape a worse fate.

As for Mrs. Robert Elliot, Jr., she is one of our best known society leaders.





It was nearly half-past eight o'clock. On the porch of the girls' dormitory at the Indian School they were assembled, awaiting the tap of the bell that should call them to the school building, a few rods away. All sizes and ages were there. Big girls and little girls; "chunky" and slender girls; bright, intelligent-looking girls and those with heavy, sullen faces; girls in early womanhood and little tots looking with wide-open, wondering eyes on the mysteries of the Indian School. Their uniform, consisting of a blue and white-checked, gingham dress, falling straight down from neck to hem, looked incongruous and out of place. Their dark, low-browed, Indian faces and straight, black hair seemed to demand a bright scarlet blanket and strings of many-colored beads. Each one had a shawl over her head which she held tightly under the chin, for the spring days were still cool in the early morning.

At the tap of the bell Indian boys seemed to spring from all corners of the grounds. From the wash-house, from the bakery, from the carpenter shop, from the playground, they came swarming toward the schools, some running, and others, of the larger boys, moving slowly, and, it seemed, reluctantly. One tall young fellow, who had been lounging against the side of the building with his eyes fixed on the approaching body of girls, deliberately waited until they had passed him, following them into the building.

In one of the rooms on the second floor the older pupils gathered and the regular routine of school work soon began. Dark, copper-colored faces with characteristic Indian features were bent over book and slate trying to master the intricacies of an English education. A few were beautiful, with a sort of wild beauty, others were pleasing, while some were stolid and forbidding.

"The class in reading, attention," announced the teacher. "What is the subject of our lesson to-day?"

They were using the United States History as a reader, and one or two answered glibly, "The settlement of Virginia."

"Sarah Little Smoke, you may read."

Sarah Little Smoke began the reading and acquitted herself creditably.

"Thunder Dacorah, you may continue from there."

Thunder Dacorah arose and clumsily adjusted his book. He was a tall, finely-built specimen of the Indian race, about twenty years of age, and he read in a monotone, slowly, hesitatingly, haltingly, like one who was treading unfamiliar ground.

"They—arrived—in—Wir—ginia—in—the—month—of—April—when—the—banks—of—the—rivers—were—covered—with—flowers—great—white—dog—wood—blossoms—and—masses—of—bright—colored—red—bud—were—in—bloom—all—along—the—James River."

"That will do," said the teacher.



“You are an Indian girl. Come with me and lead an Indian life.”

See page 56

"Joe Snowball may read the next paragraph."

Dacorah sank back in his seat and sat staring through the window, his book dropping on the desk in front of him. Spring was coming here, too. He could see the branches of an oak tree whose leaves were just loosening themselves from their enfolding buds. When the snow lay deep on the ground and all the wild things had gone to sleep, he had been content enough. Besides, here at the school it was always warm in winter and there was enough to eat—two very desirable conditions that were not always present at the same time in his father's lodge. But now, everything was stirring, was taking up its life anew, and he, too, felt something in his breast that was urging him on to his old life and his old ways, the free life of the woods. He was conscious of a sudden and violent hatred of books, discipline and all the restraints which the school forced upon him. What did he want with learning? Of what use, to him, were reading and arithmetic? He knew how much he would get from the government next year when he would be twenty-one,



"He could hear the purl of waters rippling."

how much he would get at each subsequent annual payment, and what more could any Indian desire? He knew, too, where the blueberries grew so thick that a blue blanket seemed to cover the ground. If he only had a squaw of his own to pick them! for no Indian must stoop to such menial tasks. Here his eye rested on the girl sitting in front of him.

He could see the thick braid of black hair hanging down her back, and catch a glimpse of a round, brown cheek in which a dull, red color burned.

He leaned across the desk and whispered to her.

"I no like this read," he said.

"You like to know nothing?" she asked.

"Indian don't need to know books," he answered.

"You are Indian no more. You going to be educate, like a white man. No more to hunt; no more to fish. You going to plow a farm." And she glanced at him mockingly.

"I not going to plow no farm," he asserted angrily and emphatically.

"Do I hear whispering?" said the teacher. "Dacorah, was you whispering? You may stay after the others go and clean the blackboard."

The anger which was smoldering

in his breast against all things at school burst into flame. Why should he not whisper if he chose? Why should he not talk, shout if he pleased? He rebelled against the authority of the school over him. The breath of spring had awakened his wild and untamed self which had been sleeping. The life of his fathers called him.

"The class in arithmetic may take their slates," said the teacher.

He mechanically took his slate.

"Now," she said, "write these numbers down just as I give them to you with their proper signs. Thirty-six plus nineteen, plus twenty-eight"—

He could hear the purl of low waters rippling and tinkling over stick and stone, swirling gently round in pools where trout lurked, smoothly flowing beneath overhanging bushes, and ever saying, "Come Dacorah! Come Dacorah!"

—"multiplied by seventeen, minus nine"—

In his nostrils seemed to be the fresh and fragrant breath of young tamarack and pine, the smell of the cool moist earth carpeted with sweet-smelling fern and spicy winter-green.



"The fragrance of young tamarack and pine."

—"plus thirty-four, divided by three"—

The wild, strange cries which haunt the woods at daybreak when the dew lies heavy on all growing things sounded in his ear.

—"equals what?"

If it were not for the girl he would go that very night. He knew a place near the home of his people where he would set up a wigwam and there they would live as Indians should live. But—he could not go without the girl.

When they were dismissed for noon, he, leaning over and catching her dress in his hand to hold her for a moment, said, hurriedly, in the Winnebago tongue, "Come with me."

"Where do you go?" she asked.

"Away from all this foolishness of learning and school; back to our people, where I will set up a wigwam. I want you. Come with me."

"No, no," she answered, "I like to live in a house; no wigwam for me." And

she ran laughing away.

That afternoon he was detailed to work on a small brick building which was in process of erection on the grounds. As he worked listlessly and without interest or energy, his thoughts were busy and his discon-



"Thunder Dacorah read haltingly." See page 50

tent grew. Why should they try to educate him when he wanted no education? Why try to make him like the white man, to work and get money? He did not want money. Blueberries and blackberries grew thick in the open spots, the woods were full of partridge, the streams

full of fish. Why should he be shut up here when the sun lay bright and warm over all, and the wild June berries were in blossom. He could not stay; the girl must go with him, and as he thought of her of the dusky-tinted cheek there was a strange flutter in his breast



“Upon both faces was a look of entire contentment and peace.” See page 56

which he stoically tried to subdue.

A bluejay, perched on a nearby tree, seemed to scream derisively at him, saying, "I am free! free! I get no lessons. I pile no bricks. I scrub no floors. Fool! fool! To do all these. You, an Indian."

A squirrel, scurrying over the ground, paused long enough to jeer at him mockingly. Over, beyond, he could see blue, hazy stretches of wood and low hill in whose depths lay freedom.

When he saw the girl again he said to her: "I dreamed I heard the cry of the loon over the northern lake by our home. He was calling me. He said, 'Come! come!' But I cannot go without you. I want you in my wigwam to cook for me; to sit at the door with me and breathe the sweet air, strong with the scent of pine and tamarack; to listen to the whistle of the gopher and the chatter of the squirrel; to sit on the ground carpeted with sweet-smelling leaves and flowers. Come with me. Leave all this behind. It is not for us. We must live as our fathers live. Come."

A wild light came into the girl's eyes and she stirred restlessly.

"Put off this hateful uniform," he cried. "You shall have a red blanket and cloth for a skirt and beads for

your neck. You are an Indian girl. Come with me and lead an Indian life. I cannot go without you. I want you. Your father calls you. Your mother is lonely without you. This learning you want not. Come with me."

A look of resolution flowed up in her eyes, an awakening of instincts which had been sleeping.

"I will come," she said.

The next morning two pupils were missing from the Indian school, a young man and a young woman. The other scholars were questioned, but nothing could be learned of them as to their whereabouts. Later, from the boys' dormitory came the report of a blanket gone from Dacorah's bed and, from the kitchen, a missing frying-pan and a side of bacon.

Six or seven miles north of the Indian school, in a sunny hollow near a stream of water, an Indian girl was frying some fish in bacon grease, in a frying-pan. On the ground near by lay a young Indian, smoking a pipe. Stretched across a couple of small bushes at his back, to shade him, was a blanket, its corner lifting gently when the soft breeze blew upon it. And upon both faces was a look of entire contentment and peace.



Philanthropy and a Black Bag

BY PHILIP QUINCY LORING

It was past midnight by the office clock when Gilliam slammed his roll-top desk, and with a sigh of relief, stretched out his cramped legs and lighted a cigar. Cigar in mouth, he presently arose and brought from the vault a small black bag, the contents of which were plainly of considerable weight, and a portion, at least, of some metal that now and again gave forth a faint and musical jangle. Placing this bag upon a table, he hastily scrawled to his assistant a note that read as follows:

"Dear Bailey:—Shall go to the factory as usual Friday morning. Expect to return on 5 p. m. train. Leave mail requiring my attention on desk.

"Yours,

"G."

"Which," he soliloquized, as he placed the bit of paper where it would most readily attract his assistant's attention in the morning, "will probably necessitate another midnight stunt to-morrow." He then locked the doors of the vault, slipped into his overcoat, and approaching the little bag, gazed thoughtfully at it for a brief moment, after which he picked it up, and with a stout walking-stick under his arm departed from the office.

Out of doors the streets were white with clean, new snow, still falling gently in big feathery flakes. The rumbling of vehicles and the foot-falls of pedestrians were muffled; a strange hush was over the city. "It is as if they had put the old town to sleep and tucked it in with a white spread," thought Gilliam.

Half an hour later he reached the now silent and deserted residential portion of the city, turning at length

into a certain long and narrow alley that affords a short cut to the avenue on which are his lodgings. To the busy people of this section, this alley is something of a thoroughfare. Nevertheless, at this hour it is very lonely, and forbidding, and dark.

But Gilliam, when he turned into the little alley, was lost in meditation of his plans for the coming day. He had no apprehension whatever of the proximity of danger. He was not a nervous man at any time. Therefore, what followed is interesting, if for no other reason than as an example of that subconsciousness that all of us possess, and that, at times, works to our advantage in a surprising and unaccountable manner.

Gilliam was apparently absorbed in thought. The almost inaudible creak in the damp snow of a stealthy foot that advanced suddenly from the blackest part of the alley that he had just passed, did not apparently attract his attention; nor was his abstraction interrupted in any way by the approach of a human figure, vaguely outlined in the darkness behind him. It was only when the figure, reaching him, raised a shadowy and menacing arm, that he leaped aside with marvelous quickness, at the same time fending the back of his head with the small black bag. He had heard no sound and the figure in the darkness had cast no shadow.

There seems to be no satisfactory explanation for his opportune action at that crucial moment. But, at once, the thud of something striking the bag a heavy blow revealed to him that the instinct was a true one, and that some one had struck him

with a sand-bag from behind. Gilliam whirled about, and with the little satchel desperately returned the blow at a man who had not quite recovered his equilibrium from the blow he himself had just delivered. It struck the fellow on the shoulder so that he staggered. At that moment Gilliam tossed the black bag into the snow, its contents giving forth the faint clink of metal, and, with his stout stick changed to his right hand, cracked the thug right gallantly on the head.

The battle was ended, but the vanquished plainly possessed a thick skull of durable quality. Further than a brief display of dazzling pyrotechnics and but an instant of stupefaction, he retained his faculties. Gilliam stood over him with heaving breast, every fiber of his body trembling with excitement and indignation. The highwayman stared up at him unflinchingly.

"You hound!" exclaimed Gilliam at length. "You infernal cur!"

"Cur, yourself!" said the man sullenly. "Hit me again, I'm down."

"Hit you? I've half a mind to kill you as you tried to me, in cold blood, you——"

"Why look 'ere, guv'nor, I ain't got the heart to kill a mouse, I ain't. What's a crack on the head with a bag?"

"Ten years in prison for you," said Gilliam.

"No, 'tain't. I'll die before I go back there, s'elp me if I won't."

"Been there before, have you?"

"Eight years," answered the highwayman; "eight long, cursed, black years. I'd rather have been in perdition."

"Have patience, you'll get there, also. Prison's too good for you. You had enough to eat, didn't you, a fair place to sleep? Your health was well cared for; you were, on the

whole, well treated, weren't you? Much better, I'll warrant, than you deserved."

"Perhaps," said the man. "But, guv'nor, do you think I enjoyed me wittles when I knew me woman and kid were starvin'? Do you think I lay 'eäsy in me bed, knowin' they hadn't a place in the world to rest their heads; and w'at did I care about me own health, rememberin' the woman's cough and her bad spells, and me not by to help her?"

"You should have thought of all that before," said Gilliam.

"Oh, you make me tired. People like you know all about such things, don't they? Did you ever hunt for work to earn a little grub for your starvin' family and get nothin' for days but kicks and curses, while all the time your wife and kid was growin' thinner and whiter and livin' on nothin' but the rotten stuff the marketmen had threw into the gutters, or what little you could pinch? Did the time ever come to you when you had your choice of doin' somethin' desperate or seein' them two starve to death before your eyes with plenty of food for everybody all about you, and rich fatheads rollin' by in their carriages, not carin' wot become of you? Oh, yes, your kind knows all about that sort of thing, don't it? 'I should have thought of that before,' says you. Do you suppose I didn't? Do you think I took the chance of leavin' them two alone to die till I was driven to it?"

"What was your crime?" asked Gilliam.

"It warn't no crime. It was a mistake, and it happened 'long of a fresh young cub thinkin' a nickle-plated monkey-wrench I had in me hand one night was a gun, and insistin' on givin' me his ticker and promiscu's change. But the court couldn't see the joke of it, and sent

me up for ten years; and I tell you again, I'd rather be in purgatory than live 'em over, eatin' me heart out, not knowin' wot had become of the woman and the kid.

The highwayman broke into a hacking cough that seemed to tear his vitals. Gilliam, who had been studying him as well as the darkness would permit, noted the paucity of his clothing, and was moved to a degree of pity. "If I let you up," he asked, "will you come peaceably with me?"

"Where to?" asked the fellow, suddenly suspicious.

"To my rooms."

"Whuffor?"

"When we get there I'll tell you. Will you come?"

"Do you take me for a bloomin' farmer?" demanded the highwayman contemptuously. "W'at choice have I got? Either I goes with you and finds a bobby when I gets there, or I stays here till they comes for me. It's a toss-up, and I tell you again, guv'nor, I ain't never goin' to be took alive. I'm a desperate man, I am."

"As for that," said Gilliam, "you ought to see for yourself that if I wanted to hand you over to the police, I could much more easily take you to the nearest station. Get up!"

The man rose slowly to his feet, gazing curiously at Gilliam as he slapped the damp snow from his clothes. "Pick up that bag," said the captor to the captive, "and walk in front of me, always remembering that I am just behind with this stick." The fellow obeyed, noting the metallic chink of the bag's contents, and testing its weight with a cool speculativeness that amused its owner.

It was Hunkins who admitted them to the house; Hunkins, a capable

and faithful man-servant, rotund in figure, dignified in bearing, his mut-ton-chop whiskers emanating an air of respectability that was remarkable, considering they were but whiskers. With more trepidation than Gilliam cared to admit, even to himself, he ushered in the highwayman under the eyes of this, the autocrat of his bachelor home, and Hunkins, rigidly erect and impassive of countenance, yet so far forgot himself in his pained surprise, that he continued for some moments to hold open the door, admitting not a little snow and cold air. Gilliam called his attention to the fact.

"Close that door, man," he said sharply. "Don't you see the snow drifting in?" He spoke sternly, but he felt it had been more fitting had he instead apologized to the respectable creature whose sense of propriety was so rudely shocked.

Beneath the hall light the highwayman stood revealed, an unshaven, ragged figure of a man thirty years of age. His form was bulky, the neck bulled and powerful, but the face was not more ill-looking than poverty and hardship and hunger and the swollen welt from a thick stick might stamp upon the face of any man. The closely-cropped hair was flaxen; the blue eyes met those of Gilliam squarely, wrinkling a bit at the corners with an expression of humorous recklessness.

Gilliam, stepping to the sideboard, poured out two small glasses of whiskey. "To take off the chill," he said. "Do you drink it?"

The highwayman drew the back of one hand across his dry lips and grinned. "Not often," he said, but as often as I can."

When they had tossed off the liquor, Gilliam offered the fellow a cigar and a chair. If the man was surprised at the treatment he was

receiving, his manner did not indicate it. On the contrary, he seemed to have given himself up to a quiet, unquestioning enjoyment of the hour and to have thrown recklessly aside all anticipation of impending calamity.

Gilliam puffed his cigar, meditating and studying the fellow silently. "Look here," he said at length, "I tell you frankly, I don't know what to do with you. You say you won't be taken alive by the police because of a suffering family that would starve without you—do you intend to support them by murder?"

"I ain't no murderer," contended the thug. "Sandbags don't kill. I didn't have nothin' else; search me." He held his hands above his head. "I don't go in for that sort of thing; 'tain't in my line."

"Well, why then in heaven's name don't you behave yourself? Can't you earn money like an honest man, as other honest men do?"

"Naw," said the fellow sulkily.

"Why?"

"Because I've been behind the bars. That's w'at queers me. I got a job once, but me boss heard where I come from, and he give me the chuck. After that wherever I asked for another job they says: 'Where'd yez work last?' they sez, and when I told 'em, they went to me old boss and he put 'em on. They didn't have no use for me after that. If I said I hadn't been workin', they wouldn't have me 'cause I was a loafer. W'at was a feller to do, and all the time with a starvin' family and a sick wife? Every night I goes home empty-handed. More'n once I'd half a mind to bolt, couldn't stand it to see the little woman and kid growin' thinner and paler, though they didn't say nothin'. I knew if I begged even a dime of some rich

geazer on the street, he'd hand me over to a bobby. Naw, I can't be honest; they won't let me; I've give it up. To-night the woman's dyin' for want of bread, just common, everyday bread, but I can't get it honestly for her. I've tried it! God, I've tried right enough!" The thug leaned forward with gleaming eyes, his voice strident. "W'at would you do, gov'nor?"

"Sh—sh!" cautioned Gilliam apprehensively. "I don't know."

"Well, that black bag of yours was my graft. There's enough in that to keep me for a while, and its loss wouldn't break you. But like a bloomin' ass," he cried bitterly, "I flunked it."

"What do you know about that bag?" asked Gilliam.

"I know that to-morrow is pay-day at your factory, and you're carrying down fifteen hundred plunkers in silver and bills. I don't do a job like this without bein' sure o' me ground; I'm too old a hand, I am."

Gilliam meditated further, puffing hot clouds of smoke from his cigar. "Look here," he questioned, "suppose somebody gave you work, trusted you, treated you square—what would you do? Could you be a man?"

"Aw, who'd trust me? Would you, guv'nor?"

Almost before he was aware that he had formed the resolve, Gilliam was startled to hear himself assent. "Yes, by Jove," he answered. "I would and I will. Perhaps I ought to shut you up. You've been a bad lot all right, and you had it in for me, but your yarn is a tough one, and has what are called extenuating circumstances that the law courts couldn't recognize. There's a side to your story, too, that I don't think I ever much considered. You haven't had altogether a square

chance, and, besides, there are innocent and helpless ones dependent upon you. Probably they are fond of you, too, and your absence might do them an injury. Now I am going to guarantee that they shall have the necessary comforts, and I am going to give you work to do for fair pay."

"W'at do you get out o' me for it all?" asked the thug suspiciously.

"If I get anything, I get the satisfaction of giving you a chance to be a man; nothing more, nothing less. Now, understand me, if I trust you, I shall do so implicitly. For instance, I am going to leave you alone in this room to sleep until morning."

The burglar stared in awe at the silver ornaments and valuable bric-a-brac of the room. "Not alone with all this swag, guv'nor?"

"Not only with that swag," said Gilliam, "but also with this." And he placed the black bag, to its own jangling accompaniment, upon the table. "I think," said he, smiling, "that this sufficiently proves my confidence in you."

The highwayman nervously rumbled his flaxen hair with one hand; there came a pathetic droop to his mouth, and his blue eyes softened and became misty; the harshness of his face dissolving, left it oddly boyish.

"You want to be straight, don't you?" questioned Gilliam.

"Want to be straight?" the fellow repeated. "Want to be——" The mist in his eyes became two tears that rolled down his cheeks, shaming his manhood so that he put his hands before his face and turned away.

Later, as Gilliam was dropping comfortably to sleep in his bed, he was awakened by a gentle knock on his door. "Who is it?" he demanded, with a muttered expletive. "It's me, sir," answered the respect-

able voice of Hunkins. "If you please, sir, I'd like to speak with you a bit." Gilliam, turning on the lights, permitted him to enter. He did so with an air of mystery, and in his hand was the black bag. "Beggin' your parding for disturbing of you, sir," he said in a loud and dramatic whisper, "but you left this bag in the room with that chap, and after he was asleep, I went in and got it. He's a bad un, he is, and, if you don't mind, sir, I thinks as how I'll sit up all night and keep me heye on him." Hunkins laid the bag softly on the floor, and anticipated respectfully his master's approval, but, to his chagrin, Gilliam scolded him petulantly.

"Hunkins, you ass," he said, "take that bag back where you found it, and go to—go to bed and mind your own business. I'll be responsible for that chap. Do you understand?"

"Very good, sir," assented the model servant, but, as he crept softly back with the bag in his hand, and looked down at the heavy, square jowl of the sleeping robber, he shook his head dubiously and whispered sad prophecies to himself.

Gilliam laid his head back on the pillow with a snort of irritability. His mind became filled again with the events of that night. Then, suddenly, there came a thought that thoroughly aroused him: Where did the highwayman procure his information regarding the contents of that bag? That was a very vital question, and must be answered. He threw one leg out of bed with the determination to go to the fellow at once and demand an explanation, but his common sense told him that in all probability he would never get one, not in such a peremptory fashion, at least. So he drew back the leg under the clothes, with the

resolve to ask the man in the morning, and to do so in a diplomatic manner, and, while still considering the matter, dropped off to sleep again.

It seemed to Gilliam that he had not been asleep more than a quarter of an hour, when again there was a knock at his door, and he opened his eyes to find the gray light of early dawn feebly lighting his window. "Who is it?" he demanded, and, for the second time the respectable Hunkins announced his presence.

"Come in!" said Gilliam fiercely, and the portly figure of his man stepped within the door. His manner was greatly agitated, and his face was pale and drawn with fright, but in the dim light, his master did not discover this. "Now then," exclaimed Gilliam, "I want to know whether you are going to allow me any sleep or not; this is the second time you have waked me. Don't you know that it wasn't until half-past two this morning that I got to bed?"

"But, sir," returned the unhappy Hunkins, "I came to tell you, sir——"

"I don't care a picayune what you came to tell me; get out and leave me in peace."

"The black bag, sir," faltered the trembling man. "It's stolen!"

"Wha-a-at!" exclaimed Gilliam, in a rising inflection that ended in a falsetto. For a moment the two men stared at each other, then the master, bounding out of bed, pushed by his servant and entered the room where he had left the black bag, and the highwayman. Both were gone.

Hunkins, who had followed close at his heels, went to the window. "'Ere's the place where he climbed hout, sir. You can see his foot-prints on the roof of this ell, and

there, below in a snow bank, is the imprint where he dropped the bag before he climbed down."

Gilliam looked. It was as easily read as a printed page, yet, for some time he continued to stare, while his man gazed at him with a face of anxious inquiry, only at length venturing to address him. "Beggin' your parding, sir, but I 'opes as 'ow you'll recollect what I said last night."

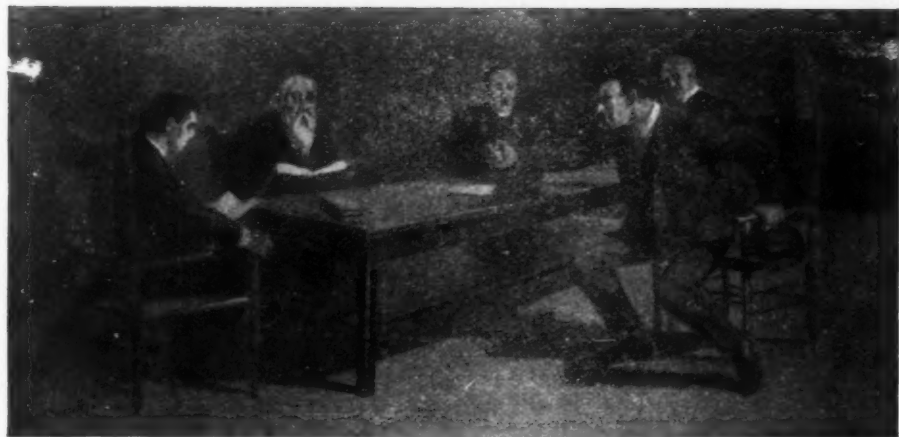
Gilliam, turning his head, gazed at the others' woe-begone face. "I suppose, Hunkins," he said, "it wouldn't be within human capability for you to refrain from reminding me just now that you told me so."

"It isn't that, sir," Hunkins explained. "It's that I want to clear myself of any responsibility. It's a large amount of money to lose, sir, and beggin' your parding, it wasn't yours any more than it was mine."

Into Gilliam's eyes there came a twinkle that gradually developed into a broad grin; his face displayed a delighted comprehension of some huge joke. "Do you refer to the contents of that black bag?" he questioned, and at his servant's nod of assent, he burst into loud and uproarious laughter. "My word!" he gasped, "How much every one seems to know about that little bag! Now, how much, for a guess, Hunkins, should you say there was in it?"

The servant, amazed at his master's levity on such an occasion, stared at him with dropped jaw. He was even a bit suspicious that the event had affected Gilliam's brain. "Can't say, sir, exactly. 'Twas a jolly big lot, I fancy. Would you mind telling me?"

"Not the least in the world," was the reply. "There was nothing more in that little black bag than a package of tenpenny nails."



The Man Who Knew

BY LEO CRANE

The long thin chap who sat at my elbow threw aside his book as if disgusted and delivered himself of a perfectly audible oath. It was very still in the great reading-room and the bad word sounded quite uncomfortably out of place. A peaceful-looking old party directly opposite started visibly, the nervous gentleman of the long hair at the table's end began to tremble, and the nearby clergyman, who, with the aid of the Britannica, was strengthening his sermon, acted as if mildly surprised. Their several reproving glances did not disturb the thin man's temporary fierceness in the least; on the contrary, their gentle signs of apparent disquietude only seemed to add to his mood.

Evidently the cause of it all lay near me—a pale blue-covered volume. Now the thin man did not belong to that class of shabbily dressed-bookworms usually found there, who audibly grunt out their criticisms, and this tempted me to peep at the inscription. "The Annual Reports of the War Department" faced me, dry with pale facts from which the color had been

starved. Then for the first time I noted that the thin man was browned as if by sun, and that his manner was like that of those compelled to be constantly alert. A bad scar crossing his cheek like a small red canal almost betrayed him before he saw fit to betray himself.

"Dummies," he commenced, nodding toward me wisely and bestowing a sideway leer at the book. Neither the peaceful-looking old party nor the gentleman of the long hair understood this remark thoroughly, and they both adopted a conscious air of injured tranquility.

"War Department?" I hastened to inquire, thinking to explain matters.

"He replied quickly, officers, an' 'specially the one wrote that—" opening the book to a particular page and pointing to a rough, ungainly paragraph near the bottom. I read: "E, Lieutenant Israel Smallwood's Report; Sadacong, P. I., May 17th, 1899," etc., etc.

"Izzy certainly made a nice mess of it," growled the thin man angrily. "Why, anybody that didn't know would think we were a pack of

snivellin' mule-boys or maybe a half-starved tribe o' Igorrotes cuttin' bush," and then he snorted again, causing the gentleman of the long hair to hastily collect his hat and parcels and to depart.

"Did he tell lies?" I ventured in a mild way.

"Lies!" indignantly snapped the soldier in a tone which made the peaceful old party respect the judgment of the gentleman of the long hair. "If he had let himself out to tell a few good substantial lies it wouldn't sound so bad. But to throw down the boys like that—why, liars are saints to him. An' blast his meek an' humbleness, we gave him a real gold watch when the regiment was mustered out—I put in a dollar towards it, a whole dollar, an' Marty Collins made a speech. Seems we had more pride in him than he did in us, now don't it?—'cause if he had thought anything o' the way we boys acted at Sadacong, he'd have put some fire in the hist'ry o' it.

"Men lost their lives in that fight, an' when a man loses his life, whether he's conceited or not, he naturally likes to have something said about it. Just s'pose the folks of them fellers would care to know what sorter muss Tom or Dick quit in. They'd go huntin' up this book, an' wouldn't they feel glorious proud o' Tom and Dick? I say, wouldn't they feel big when they read what Tom's own lieutenant said of his last fight? Listen to it—it reads like a patent medicine calendar:

"'Halted at Lipon on the 10th; moved forward to Sadacong on the 11th, where my command camped until the 15th, when we crossed the river. Insurgents quiet. Scouts reported natives massing near Zarabong on the 16th, and my command

moved forward. Encountered large bodies of armed insurgents near Caban, dispersed them, but later they were reinforced heavily and we were forced to fall back slowly upon Sadacong. Desultory fighting while in retreat resulted in the death of Privates Meehan and Brown. Sergeant Wilson slightly wounded in the hip. Expended seven rounds of shell from the Hotchkiss cannon. Reached Sadacong without further loss.'

"Now ain't it invigoratin' to read that? See here, where he says—where he says, 'Encountered large bodies of armed insurgents'—why, dern his hide, we didn't encounter 'em—we ran right plumb into 'em, an' they were as thick as fleas on a stray dog. An' here, too—'Desultory fighting resulted in the death of Privates Meehan and Brown.' Poor Barney Meehan!—Many's the time we have marched an' fought together—An' for him to be dismissed like that. Desultory fightin'!—It was the back door o' hell where Barney Meehan was finished. Perhaps Smallwood didn't know, ye say? Wasn't he there? Didn't he have his eyes along? I know his little game—he on'y wanted to tell his end o' the story, an' he left the boys and the ferryman out for fear they'd crowd his dignity. Smallwood was the man who made the mistakes, and if for nothin' else but justice to them that didn't cross, he should have told of the price we paid the river and of the vengeance of Pedro the Lame."

"You were there?" I asked.

Again he ran his thick warty finger down the page to a line reading: "Private Logan is entitled to special mention for—" the balance of it he covered from my sight.

"Private Logan—that's me," he said dryly. "But don't ask me how they came to include me with that

trash. It must have been a mistake. When he didn't tell how and why Barney Meeham passed up, he needn't have troubled himself to mention me. Private Timothy Logan, recently mustered out with the Fifteenth Michiganders—an' don't ye think that I'm stallin' ye with a yarn, young fellar, for I went to the end with the Sadacong ferry, an' I know."

"I would like to hear the rights of it," I admitted.

"Then we'll go outside this air of learnedness—somewhere that ain't sensitive, where I can curse a bit if it worries me," he suggested, pushing back his chair.

There was a snug German shop near the corner. We secured a table in the cool rear of it, and after Private Logan's lean face emerged from the rim of a stein, he wiped his mouth and began rather anxiously: "If ye don't believe that I'm Logan, I'll show ye the name stamped on the band of my shirt," and he clumsily started to unfasten it. When I had plainly reassured him, he recommenced abruptly:

"A man may not cross the river at Sadacong, unless he wades, for the ferry has disappeared. Five hundred yards below the village, where the stream bends and where the waters sweep by the place with a strong surge, the wreck of what was once the Sadacong ferry lies in the grasp of the reeds.

"Long before the war broke out, no doubt before we white men ever knew o' the islands, away back in the years, there was a battle on between the river and the ferry. The natives knew of it, and father told son to fear it, for the fight was to the death, an' the river couldn't lose. They said the man who set his hand to aid the wrong side would be

cursed and his dead body washed by the ghouls of the rapids. But now the hatred is over, for the river has won, and at night it plays strange tunes through the reeds and over the clean-picked bones of its enemy. An' it will not be long before the old ferry, to say nothing of its last freight, will be forgotten by all save perhaps the things that sing among the river grasses when the cool nightwind plays, the things that know all there is hidden in the shifting slime of the river's bed. Pedro the Lame arranged it, he and the currents, for they were devils in floodtime, and they always settled the price a man was to pay for his crossing.

"In that country there are times when the rivers seem to grow swollen with dangerous pride. They tear at the soft banks as if ravenously hungry for the rice growing there, an' for all I know the waters may be, bein' as how I've been powerful hungry in that clime myself. If the river at Sadacong is that way now, a man ought not cross without the precaution o' being well roped, and he displays on'y the commonest sense if he sits on the bank until the waters are quiet. That may take weeks, but the advice is good, for the ferry is gone, an' the flood is all yellow capped with a white scum o' rage.

"Every sort o' people need the ferry. It is an institution. Brown men and yeller women use it, soldiers an' mangey army mules, guns an' grub, prisoners an' ammunition, native carts an' cattle, all depend upon it to cross the river at floodtime. And, of course, you will see that a ferry, even a rotten one, creakin' with age an' trembling in the purl o' the current, is a mighty useful thing, an' it is a pity, not to say a crime, when one is destroyed.

"Now it was an honor to be ferryman at Sadacong. The man who had nerve enough to manage the barge was king o' the crossing, for he was the only one who did not fear the river in floodtime. An' there was also a special halo o' superstition surroundin' him, for did he not share the river's awful curse with the ferry? The past had been the proof o' that, for as far back as the oldest native could remember, the men who kept the ferry had all been drowned, an' drowned horrible. But Pedro the Lame had tended it for twenty years, and he swore that he did not care a rotten fig for either the curse or the ghouls of the rapids at twilight. He had made a vow never to give in to the current, and he had shaken his skinny fist at the boilin' river when the flood was highest, an' he had cursed its waters bitterly an' had wagged his scraggly beard at it, so the villagers were sure he possessed a few devils of his own, an' they had as little to do with him as possible.

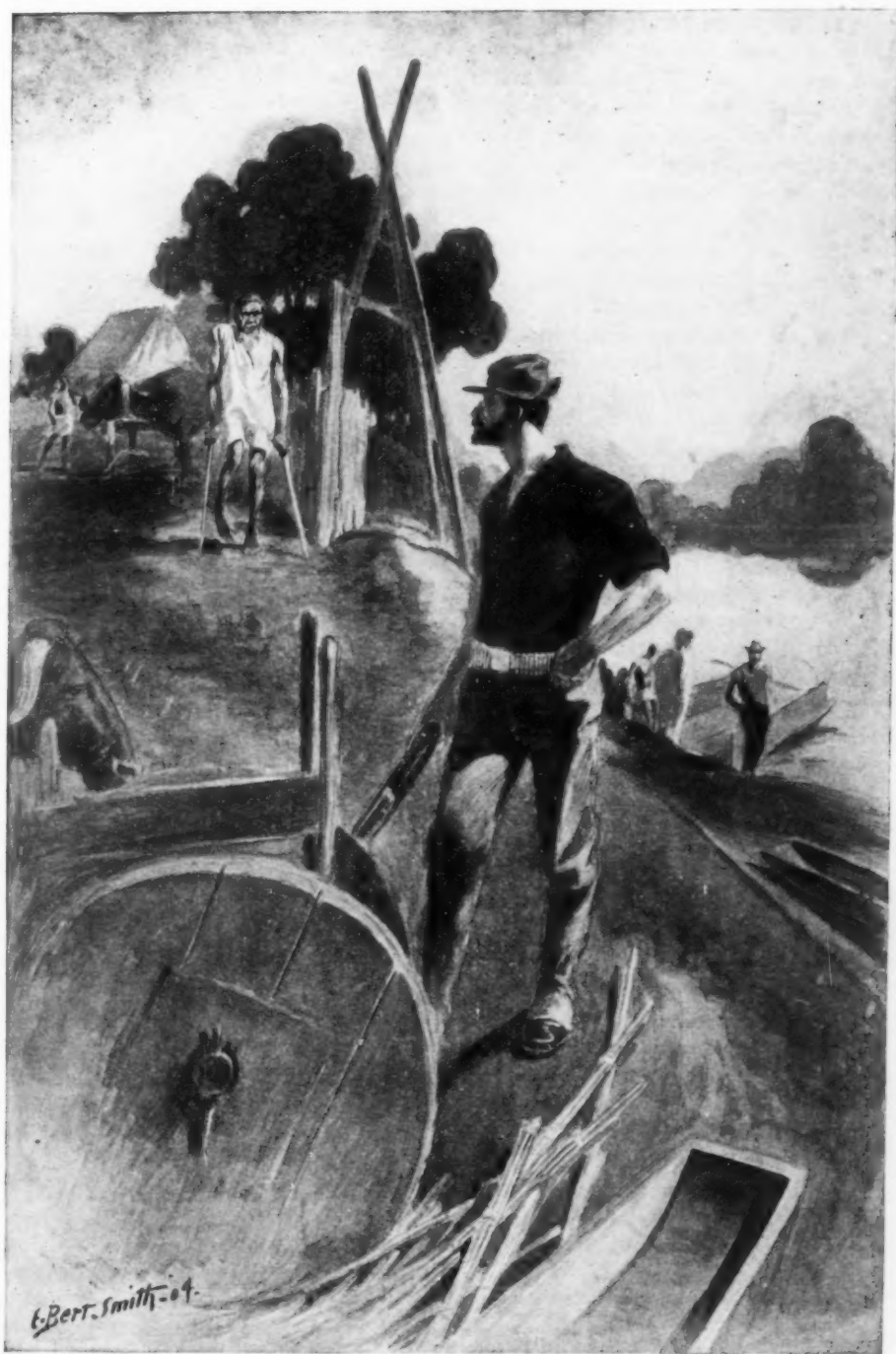
"That was how matters stood when we boys o' the Fifteenth marched into Sadacong for our little stay. Pedro was a peculiar chap, lean an' shrivelled an' gray, like a shattered rock o' the forest, an' he had a beard on his chin like sacred moss. Once he had been a big fellow, but this we saw was the weazened hulk of him. He dangled one leg because it was twisted unnatural, but the arms of his body were as long as those of an ape. Like a venerable old prophet he was respected. All he had to do was to yowl and somebody would fetch what he wanted. An' by making the most o' this situation he had kept his boast, for after his strength began to ebb an' he could no longer pole the barge successfully, he impressed the natives—an' it was always the native wot was

swept overboard when the river was high. In calm weather, ol' Pedro didn't have such a bad time o' it, for he could pull with the two arms o' him like the hind legs of an army mule.

"When we boys arrived he was workin' up his latest sensation. He had come to the conclusion that his fight with the river was too one-sided. The waters sometime or other managed to gulf in a man, but Pedro never won anything but the fight. So he had issued a broadcast order that bein' as he was invincible, so to speak, somethin' more'n the brag was due him, an' he demanded from the villagers that each year at floodtime, so long as he managed to best the river, they would deliver to him a young woman o' his selection, which same woman would serve as a yearly tribute. Pedro had already made his first levy. Her name was Laoo.

"This choice item o' news drifted into camp one afternoon by way of a watercarrier we had fetched from the lower country, one Juan by name. He said everything was arranged. Laoo had stopped cryin' an' was actin' very submissive, while Pedro went about grinnin' like a baboon in springtime. She was to be delivered over to him within three days and after the performance o' suitable ceremonies. Pedro certain'y had the graft with 'em, an' in a few months more no one could have told what he mightn't have started—a religion may be.

"But somethin' happened. I have always noticed that when graybeards start browbeatin' the universe an' spreadin' themselves outrageous, somethin' usually happens. Juan fell in love with this same girl, Laoo. Now Juan was not half a bad lookin' fellow. He wasn't white, but when it comes to layin' odds on



"Pedro the Lame tended the ferry for twenty years."

colors, I'll go longer on saffron than I will on chocolate, an' besides, he was a good slinger o' water. In the last fight he had kept our throats from fryin' an' that added a deal to his score. O' course, Pedro had twenty years prestige an' reverence behind him, but Juan was backed by the Fifteenth Michiganders, an' the Fifteenth Michiganders happened to be the United States. The boys all thought that a strong argument.

"We were monstrously sorry for the young woman, Laoo, 'cause she was a downright pretty one, an' pretty girls were too scarce near Sadacong to be wasted promiscuous on old mud-turtles like Peter the Hop, as we called him. However, the boys were o' different opinions concernin' the matter. One faction said, 'Let 'em go ahead with it—she'll live with him a day or two an' then light out with some other chap, carryin' all she can steal. It's a custom o' the country an' it acts fairly well in these desperate cases. Anyway, there ain't no use in pushin' against tradit'on.' That's what some of the boys said.

"But ol' Bob Saunders, he was a bighearted chap, an' when he set his foolish head on anythin' something resulted right away—well, he didn't have any palaver, but one quiet afternoon he collects six o' the boys, a half dozen afraid o' nothin' this side o' perdition, an' away they goes across the river. Two of 'em makes a still hunt for Laoo, two more collars a native priest, an' the rest rounds up Juan to a suitable place for the ceremony. The priest knew he was up against tradition an' the legends o' the river, so he didn't want to follow instructions. He said the villagers would call it blasphemy an' a lot more. But the boys gave him a choice between a weddin' fee an' the watercure. It

was either offend the river gods or drink 'em. They showed him how wide the stream was at that point, an' he decided quick.

"Now that ought to have settled things—but it didn't. The villagers are at best an ignorant set, an' they couldn't appreciate the white man's idee o' justice. Slowly but surely the village and the jungle thereof seemed to stew into a ferment. Ol' Pedro thought the best way o' showin' his outraged feelin' was to get vicious. An' when he got fairly started, a wounded wildcat was nothin' to him. He boiled over an' he spit fire; he lathered at the mouth; he yowled until the natives could hear him acrost the river; he tore out patches o' his beard, an' the things he said put us ol' soldiers to shame. An' when he found that all his hubbub didn't make any impression on the United States, consistin' at that point o' the Fifteenth Michiganders, he worked up a last grand bit o' tropic spite. He decided to close up the ferry."

The thin man took a gulp at the stein which necessitated the elevating of it at a rakish angle. When he again lowered the vessel, his face had assumed a portentous gravity.

"The next batch o' people that wanted to cross found him sittin' in the middle o' the barge. He said it was his ferry—his by right o' nerve an' the mystic patronage o' the rapids—an' that he had gone out o' the business. The ferry he said he would sell for firewood. Incidentally he remarked that a strong swimmer wouldn't be greatly inconvenienced by his retirement, an' that the wimmen an' children could find a ford ten miles below."

Again the veteran elevated the stein, after which he continued in a most mournful voice.

"Of course, it was all right to talk

in that manner to common villagers, but when he handed the same line to the United States, it amounted to a different tune. Why, it simply couldn't be stood. Smallwood wanted to cross the river, an' Smallwood was one of them kind that on'y ask for a thing onct. So Pedro the Lame lost his job as ferryman—a job he had bragged on for twenty year."

Here the thin man came to a long pause, as if he wished to allow the effect of such a calamity time to sink into and impress me. Then with a suspicious cough and a very eloquent glance at the now empty stein, he licked his tongue out over his lips. The German hurried up with another, filling the returned warrior with fresh courage and expression.

"That was like the putting out of fire in the temple. For a whole day the village and the jungle thereof seemed in a state of awe. A century's tradition, the wrath o' the river, the ghouls of the rapids, the threatening bones of all ferrymen ever drowned, an' the dignity o' their living successor, Pedro the Lame, had all with one fell swoop been brushed aside as rotten straw, an' lay a sorry wreck. The United States had asserted itself—the Fifteenth Michiganders reigned soopreme——"

"You should have written that report," I suggested as he drew out a faded handkerchief and slowly mopped his face.

The thin man shook his head disconsolately.

"Then," he said vigorously, "then—Smallwood made his first blunder. The ferry had to have a ferryman. He could have taken me off'n ditch work, an' allowed me to adorn a white man's position, 'sides havin' the crossin' patrolled by a person

commandin' respect o' the native population. But no, he wouldn't do that—he goes an' 'stablishes Juan, the late water-carrier, in that important office. Givin' him a wife wasn't enough; he had to provide him a salary.

"Now ye can easily figure out how that appointment was viewed by the villagers. It rubbed in an' galled 'em. Then it happened.

"First we learned that rebels were massin' to the north o' Zaragong. Smallwood got kinder worried, an' one mornin' he determines to clear em out. He had forty men, despite the sickness an' the bush fightin', an' he considered forty men enough to take a province. So we marched toward the rebels with fire in our eye, an' they snaked in the grass with deviltry in theirs. We rushed 'em back from Caban, but they got more men somewheres, hundreds an' hundreds, while we didn't have any more men nearer than Booang, which might as well have been 'Frisco for all the good they did. So, along in the thick jungle, we connected with the whole push, an' they gave us a fierce welcome.

"The next thing we knew, we had turned about an' were hustlin' back through the country, fightin' every step o' the way an' beatin' the hides off'n the four mules draggin' the one gun o' Light Battery B.

"The road back to Sadacong was through a maze o' vines an' creepers, so there really ain't no wonder to be expressed in that we missed our way. After we were nicely tied up in a hard knot, surrounded by a screamin', shootin' ring o' fiends that we couldn't see, Ol' Smallwood said that we'd have to carve our way out, so we prodded an' flayed the mules some more and cursed the Igorrottes ahead. They cut away at the jungle like good fellows. Some-

times we mixed up the routine to banish the monotony, cursin' the mules and thrashin' the Igorrottes, an' sometimes they changed it by stoppin' the jungle clearing and fallin' dead. Often a mule would stumble over the snake-like roots and would fall, but if he didn't get up when we gave him the first kick, nine husky men would boost him, an' before he had his eyes clear, he'd be started.

"Soon Jim Wilson got nailed in the hip, so we had to shoulder him, an' along in the first hour after the ball opened, poor Barney Meehan caught it thorough the head. Some one had knocked me down in the rush. We were mates, an' he thought I was down for good. There was a standin' agreement not to let 'em get away with a wounded man, so he stepped right out into the open, making for where I had dropped. Then they got him squared. He just went down like a rag. That was a piece o' the 'desultory fighting.'

"By an' by, Sadacong loomed up outer the scrub an' bayonet plants. Smallwood detailed four of us to nab the ferry. We wanted to cross that river, an' we wanted to cross right away.

"I happened to be one o' the four. We scuttled down to the bank, our nervous action increased an' stimulated by the unseemly sounds behind, but when we faced the river, the fear crept onto us. It was bare of any craft. Like an awful silent thing it slid along, wide an' lone. Away over on the far side we could see the barge.

"So we lined up out in the open, the four o' us, howlin' like idiots for the ferryman. We let go a long-drawn cry an' waited. There was a few moments o' silence—an' then out of that same silence came a shot

—sharp an' quick, like the short bark o' a vicious dog—an' the result was a hole drilled in the back o' Private Jim Brown. Three minutes after he dropped he could have been described as late o' the Fifteenth Michiganders. Then we hunted cover, the native with the gun makin' the pace for us.

"It was a nasty fix, for the boys were having a right tough job of it, an' we were powerless to help unless the ferry could be had.

" 'This shows ye what gratitood in a willager is,' growled Bill Evans huskily. 'Yer we boys got this feller, Juan, a wife, fired out his enemy an' 'stablished him in a fat job, on'y to have him throw us down like this. It really makes a man lose faith in human nature.'

"But Bill Evans was wrong, for a moment later who should hobble out on the opposite bank but Pedro, an' there he hoppy-go-fetched-it up and down, shakin' his skinny fists, an' wagglin' his beard, an' yowlin' tremenously. That settled the doubt. Pedro had come into his own again.

"Of course, somethin' had to be done, for real white men couldn't stand for a nigger crowin' as he crowed. Back in the village scrub the sputterin' o' rifles continued, intersected now an' then by sudden unearthly screeches that made ye grow cold. The boys seemed to be havin' their arms full. In short an' to be plain, it was a crisis outer which men are made.

"The three soldiers hidin' near the bank held counsel. They were in a way treed by the keen-eyed native close by, which had settled for Brown, the battle was behind, an' the river before 'em. It wasn't a pleasant lodging. But—somethin' had to be did—so a man offered to swim the river. There was a little bluff that reached out into the

stream at that point. For the last twenty yards o' it there was no cover, an' the drop was fifteen feet down into the current. The chap wot volunteered peeled off his clothes an' crept back through the scrub to get a flyin' start. He knew

rifle, an' a splash as the man went in."

"What was his name?" I asked casually, motioning again toward the waiting German. The thin man hesitated slightly.

"I don't eggsactly recollect," he



"The road was through a maze o' vines an' creepers."

the rebel with the gun would pot at him as he went along, an' he wanted to make a swift target. Then there was a shufflin' as he came tearin' through the thicket, a flash o' pink an' white racing acrost the sunlit space, a quick nasty cough from the

replied in a tone of apology, "whether it was Evans, or Harcourt, or—or me—but it really don't make any difference," and then he hurried on with the history of it.

"Ye'll believe me," he said, inoping his mouth with the handker-

chief vigorously, "that swimmin' that river wasn't a tastey job. The rebel with the gun kept the man divin' most o' the way across, an' the river, too, got its hand in the game. It seemed very calm and placid at that point, flowin' along like so much oil—but it lied, that river, for underneath it had a grip of steel. The two men on the bank watched matters for a time, but when they saw how nasty the rifle man acted, they edged around until a cross-fire could be had on him. After that, he quit an' withdrew to a healthier spot.

"When the swimmer got acrost, ol' Pedro made himself scarce in them parts, for he realized that the man would be angry, an' he was right. In a short time the barge came washing clumsily back to its proper place, the naked chap lookin' like a livin' picture on the Grand Canal at Venice. We knew when the boys retreated to the bank, those brown devils would be at their heels, biting, an' that we'd have to lift the barge over inside her record time. Bill Evans had hustled about an' collected six husky villagers to help pole. They were too scared to fight, an' like lowin' cattle he drove 'em down to the riverside, all the six howlin' and prayin' as dervishes, thinkin' we were goin' to eat 'em alive. But their weepin' had no effect that I could see, for big Bill Evans was behind 'em, an' big Bill Evans was a terrible energetic man.

"We piled earth an' driftwood in that end o' the ferry lookin' toward the dangerous bank until we had erected a breastwork some five feet high. The ol' scow already had sides o' wood nearly the height of a man, so in all we could command a tolerable three-walled fort. When it was finished, we sent a glad tale to Smallwood on the skirmish line,

where the boys and the brownies were still desperately clawin' at each other. By a great fight Smallwood had managed to hold the village edge, where he had thrown up some slight defenses, but the ground was torn up some where they had fought over it, an' the sod was wet in places. Slowly they began to fall back to the ferry. An' like hundreds o' vicious snarls the sputterin' voices of the rifles spoke out even worse than before. Soon a few o' the boys were stumblin' along weakly, an' more'n one had submitted silently to the argument o' lead.

"The embarkation was a sight to see. The first squad to scramble aboard covered the second with its fire, until at last we were ready to push off. The browns made a nervy charge down on us before we could get the ol' scow to move—like a bright swarm o' beetles they came rushing—but we fetched 'em up sharp with a crashin' volley into their gaping faces—stupidly they stopped for an instant—just like a man that runnin' brings up against a tree in the dark—then those who could hunted the shelter o' the huts. Perhaps a dozen didn't bother their heads about goin' back. They had stopped out there on the open river bank, and there they stayed.

"Out into the current the ferry swung. One soldier and a native villager at each pole—the soldier helpin' an' beatin' the villager at the same time, in order to set the example an' instill the proper amount o' energy. Before the brownies had recovered from their daze, we had slipped out fifty yards or so, an' were walking along. Then they woke up sudden. In twelve seconds every man at the poles was hurt somewhat. It was a terrible time we had out there in the open, between the river an' the sky."

For some moments the thin man paused as if thinking of all he had escaped. At last he turned to me with a smile and said dryly:

"I wonder what them fellers we saw in the readin'-room would have done had they been mixed in that affair?—Eh?"

It was really a very ridiculous proposition. I could in fancy see the peaceful-looking old party and the gentleman with the long hair crouching down beneath the bulwarks of the leaky scow. The thin man laughed a merry cackle.

"I would like to get 'em into a hole like that onct," he said good humoredly. "It would blow some o' the dust outter their veins, an' put the sparkle o' real fear into their eyes. An' maybe it would change their politics when they got home."

"Ach, Himmel, I should so think!" audibly muttered the German, who had been listening intently, and who immediately after the remark began vigorously and apologetically mopping up the bar.

"The ferry at Sadacong," continued the veteran slowly, "was a queer affair. On each shore there stood a huge tripod of rude logs, over which ran a great hawser. The shore ends o' the rope were moored to palms back some distance from the river. The ferry swung to this dipping rope, an' the strain was borne by the gaunt-lookin' tripods that sat perched on the muddy banks like old an' wretched hawks watchin' the river.

"I shall never forget the last trip o' the Sadacong ferry. It was twilight. All gray and solemn stretched away the river. The sun had gone down behind the ragged huts o' the shore, leaving them as mystic silhouettes against the paling silver an' faint orange o' the sky. It was a pretty place in the growing dark-

ness—the little village clustered like a group of doll houses with their queer mat blinds o' woven grass. Above the soft waving plumes o' the palms were like bouquets in the clouds. Down close to the water a mass of growing things overhung the stream, casting long, dancing shadows upon its surface. Sometimes a heavy branch would sag down to bathe its long leaves in the cooling ripples, and at each passing breeze the hangin' vines and slender green-dressed arms would nod at their pictures floatin' below. A fisherman's nets stretched out a little way into the current, the poles of it growin' ghostly in the weak light. No one would have thought death lurked on the picture banks. All was held by an evening quiet an' all was full of seemin' peace. We laid low an' waited for the perfect blackness. The ferry sagged at the cable, helpless, as a fowl that has been winged. The waters sang a lullaby as they kissed the green sides of it.

"Looking out—all—all was a dying waste o' gray, the waves touched here and there as they lifted with smudges o' black. Great embattled clouds rolled up in dense squadrons to drift over the loneliness. There was something uncanny that possessed it. Then the shadows grew stronger, an' silently shrouded the river shore. A host of dismal things began to chant their bed-songs in the marshes; a thousand scents wafted out to us from the whispering reeds; the warm air brought the drowsiness o' the tropics. A light would dance a moment on shore an' then be swallowed in the gloom; a fire would glimmer back in the jungle and spread its tint over the wall of a woven hut; a wierd taunting laugh rang out once, an' with all its echoes died away again; a dog howled mournfully; an'

we tremoled an cursed at all these things.

"Soon a million stars gleamed in the vast dome o' the sky, an' all the river was tiled with their reflections until it seemed the floor of a palace set with gems. Bill Evans sprawled out upon his back to look up at 'em.

" 'Always the same ol' stars,' he muttered half aloud. 'To-day sometime they were hangin' over home.'

" 'Ah,' said a man who had heard, 'An' maybe the little kids were countin' 'em.'

" 'That's on the other side o' the world,' remarked Bill Evans thoughtfully, a great huskiness down in his throat. So they said nothin' more, but just looked up at the countless stars, as if in the candlelight of them were visions of the loved ones far across the seas."

The thin man paused as if he too were thinking. He rubbed the wet stein around on the table, and in its drippings made several rings slowly, within which were no doubt many thoughts.

" 'Now,' ordered the Lieutenant softly, 'See if ye can't draw her along, boys.'

"The dipping of a pole made a gentle splash in the water, an' cautiously we dragged upon the cable just above us. A wounded native, half delirious in the pain of his hurt, began to sob out a croonin' song. The boys hauled along to its 'OOoo-Ahooah.' It was the derndest chant I ever heard, an' made ye feel all strange. Maybe he was puttin' a curse on us, anyway—

"Bang!—a rifle shot rasped out, sharp an' decisive. We let the ferry sag back quick with the current, an' every man made a jump for his gun—every man save big Bill Evans. He grovelled down under the breastwork, his hands clutchin' his side.

" 'The stars—,' he said once,

pitifully, 'On the other—side—o' the worl'——"

"The native, now all off his head, kept on singin,' but big Bill Evans was as silent as a man asleep. The native kept on singin'—'OOoo-Ahooah.'

" 'Shut up that infernal noise!' hysterically screamed a man. A moment more an' we were beatin' 'em off. They had found the fishin' boats, an' the river was aswarm.

" 'Run out that gun,' called the Lieutenant. We shoved the grim muzzle o' the Hotchkiss over the side. There was a thick belch from it, an' a sound of splintering wood. The barge trembled beneath our feet. At the third shot a man cried out that the river was leakin' in.

" 'Walk her forward!' yelled the Lieutenant, an' we tugged at the cable while fear spurred us, for the rebels were behind, an' the water was washin' over our feet.

" 'They've fired the village!' called a man, as a red gold light flushed up the sky. We looked—an' it seemed like the glow of a long dead sunset. The river was enchanted. A pale flame tinged the feathery arms o' the shore palms, throwin' each spray into a film of scarlet lace. Then out from the forest climbed the moon—a blood-red planet—a long mellow flood spilled over the surface o' the stream, like the flounce of a great lady's train.

" 'Just see there!' screamed a soldier, 'Look at that!'

" 'We stared off to where the man pointed.'"

The thin man now grew very earnest, speaking slowly and with a low, distinct tone of awe in his voice. He waved one of his hands as if the scene was for our view upon the dull gray walls of the room. The German shrank visibly from his moving forefinger, lean and pointing.



"We tugged at the cable, while fear spurred us."

"The moon was yet low down. An' there, outlined as a shadow-show upon its crimson face, vivid an' black, was the gaunt tripod, acrost the top o' which ran the ferry cable. Into the crotch o' it, among the

lacings of rope, a man had climbed. Like a bronze statue he stood there.

"'Pedro——' gasped out a man.

"Then with a terrible snap the cable parted. With an awful hissing sound it lashed acrost the river's

breast—the ferry gave a lurch this way an' a tug that, as if wounded mortally—then down the river we went, round, an' round, an' round—while the ghouls of the rapids waited to wash our bones. At one hundred yards the leaks widened, at five hundred the water washed our ankles, at a thousand we were sinkin'—then the barge crashed into the reeds—an' went down."

The thin man brought his hand down in a sweeping convulsive gesture illustrating this. When he rested it upon the table, I noticed it was trembling.

"Ten o' the boys are still there with the ferry," he said in a quavering voice. "Ten of 'em—all good

boys they were—too good to be tangled in the roots an' the slime o' the water weeds. That was the vengeance o' Pedro the Lame—the price we paid for crossin' the river in flood time.

"Now that is the rightful tale o' the fight at Sadacong—the part that Smallwood didn't tell," and the thin man raised his lean finger warningly, "But don't ye think that I'm jealous o' Smallwood—I on'y wanted to let ye know the rights of it." Then he clenched his fist and brought it down upon the table with a crash that made the stein waver—"An' don't ye think that I'm giving ye a stall, young feller, for I crossed the river at Sadacong, an' by the Almighty, I know!"

A Chapter of Revelations

BY JESSIE RENO ODLIN

It was one of those first spring days—fresh, clear, sparkling—as if Nature had just finished house-cleaning and was ready to be charming to her neighbors.

Every teacher in the building had arrived an hour earlier than usual. Blackboards had been polished, blunt pencils sharpened, plants watered, and book shelves rearranged, while little discourses upon altruistic topics were mentally prepared.

Even unto the august Board of Directors had this illuminating day extended its subtle influence. Ghosts of unattended Board meetings flitted before the members, pointing unmistakably to the Flag of the Free which floated from the school-house staff. And so it happened that into Miss Genevieve Thornton's first primary room the Principal ushered Deacon Dillsbury, who had become

a member of the Board in accordance with the time-honored custom of electing one representative from the rural portion of the district.

Miss Thornton's room was a scene of beauty and order. The example of Mother Nature had been widely copied by other mothers, and the children had come to school in spotless raiment, hands and faces gleaming, and hair wonderful to behold. Several Sunday garments had been ushered forth into the light of everyday. "Might as well be worn now—too warm for summer, and outgrown by next winter;" an argument neatly propounded by Annie Jones, who shone resplendent in gaudy plaid and silver braid, and whose wrists and knees emphasized the logic of her mother's reasoning.

The Principal, inspired by the attitude of interest and attention, rose

to the occasion with the usual remarks concerning his pleasure at seeing so many little children in their respective places, at looking into so many bright faces and knowing that they were all eager to learn their little lessons—and the children took on beatific expressions and pinched their clasped fingers in an ecstasy of self-appreciation—and beneath this radiance the Principal smilingly withdrew.

about, writing about, modeling, drawing, painting (and occasionally eating) various kinds of nuts, Miss Thornton conscientiously put the little plants through the usual paces, in accordance with the latest approved method of correlation. The Deacon evidently enjoyed the lesson, and when, as a mark of deference, he was given an opportunity to examine the plants, he waxed eloquent in praise of the teacher,



"The deacon leered cheerfully at the pupils."

As Miss Thornton proceeded with the daily weather record, the Deacon leered cheerfully at the pupils from behind his steel-rimmed spectacles. "Good idee! Good idee!" he repeated again and again. "Teach 'em to observe the phenomeny of Nature—good idee, very good idee!"

Presently the science lesson commenced. One of the children had brought some peanut plants, and as they had been observing, reading

pupils, and plants, bringing blushes to the face of the former, and reducing the children to graven images of awe and reverence.

"And now," pursued the Deacon, "since you have observed the properties and structure of these little plants, can any one tell me what use Nature, in her great economy, has allotted to them?"

The little jaws dropped, the eyes opened wide with wonder, Miss

Thornton's face became suddenly the target of forty separate inquiries. She forced back a smile, and murmured softly, "What is it good for, Tommie?" She always stood near Tommie when there was company—it was safer.

Tommie arose promptly. Big words had no terrors for him; he never hesitated to incorporate them into his own vocabulary, irrespective of meaning.

The Deacon repeated, "What use has Nature, in her great economy, allotted to them?"

"It is economy to eat a lot of 'em." And as Tommie sat down, Charlie piped up shrilly, "They are used to feed the monkeys and elephants at the circus!"

The Deacon's jaw took a turn at dropping. He felt vaguely that something was wrong.

"Ah, yes—ah, yes, my little lads—people eat them, animals eat them—quite right! And now, who can further inform me—these little plants are grown in what localities?"

Lloyd had no such assurance as Tommie. "Localities! What's them?" he demanded.

"Where do they grow, Lloyd?" asked Miss Thornton, vague uneasiness taking possession of her as she felt the children slipping slowly but surely toward the verge of mental and moral disintegration.

"They grow in the ground, of course; he ought to know that," replied Lloyd, with a decided sniff.

The element of unrest was momentarily developing, when a light tap

at the door heralded the entrance of Mrs. Caroline Hilton Gibbs, the only member of her sex who had ever served on the Board. Following her spirited and cordial greeting, the Deacon departed, knocking, with a sigh of relief, at the Second Grade door.

Mrs. Caroline Hilton Gibbs was a very impressive figure in local society; she was President of the Mother's Club, Superintendent of the Association for Assorted Charities, and Chairman of a self-appointed Committee of Six for the Investigation and Improvement of Public Instruction. She rustled across the floor with a hearty greeting to the children. She shook hands with Miss Thornton and presently turned again to the pupils, remarking, "Now I must ask all you little people to be very quiet and see what beautiful position you can keep while I talk to your teacher. After while we will ask you some questions."

Miss Thornton remembered that at the last meeting of the Parents' and Teachers' League, her visitor had read a paper setting forth the duties of visiting parents, and expatiating upon the advisability of unobtrusive observation of the work—the care that should be taken to avoid distracting the attention of the pupils from the teacher, and the positive iniquity of the habit of engaging in conversation with the teacher during school hours. But then—

"Dear Miss Thornton," her visitor was saying, "I have come to you, as the most sympathetic, the best fitted



"Annie Jones' Sunday garments."

of all our teachers to assist us in solving a very important social problem. We want to find out how much religious, that is to say, Bible teaching, the children in our community are receiving. We, the Committee of Six, are about to report, and among other things we wish to ascertain if the imputed decline of scriptural teaching is so great as it is said to be. Are the parents at fault—should the schools try to help—in fact, where is the remedy to be found? But first it must be determined to just what extent the children are, or are not, receiving the instruction in sacred literature. Now, if you will just permit me to speak to the children”—and she turned smilingly to the forty expectant faces.

"Dear little children," she began melodiously, "all of you who attend Sunday school, hold up your hands." A goodly percentage of hands stretched ceilingward.

"And how many of you can estimate the value of this blessed privilege?"

"I can," quoth Tommie with his customary vigor.

Just here Miss Thornton, recalling the late catastrophe with the Deacon's vocabulary, came to the rescue.

"Would it not be better for me to talk to the children? Do not misunderstand me, but the children will not be so responsive to a stranger, and they are so familiar with my language, my manner of questioning. And I think I understand just what you want."

"Mrs. Gibbs was effusively grateful, immediately appropriated the desk

and the contents thereof, and proceeded to take notes.

"Children," began Miss Thornton, "I want you to tell me some of the things you do in Sunday School."

A dozen hands went up. "Well, Mabel?"

"We sing and pray and give our pennies and come home and take off our dresses."

Miss Thornton saw breakers ahead, and steered for deep water.

"And what do you learn—who are some of the people you learn about?"

Alma was never quite clear; she started out well, but was liable to become confused. In this instance she volunteered the startling information: "We learn about God and Mrs. God, and their little boy, and their ox, and their ass, and everything that is their neighbor's."

Mrs. Gibbs gasped, leaned over the desk, and shook suspiciously; then fell to scribbling with great rapidity. Miss Thornton hardened herself, firmly resolved to gratify her visitor's thirst for knowledge.

Just here little Georgie, whose father was a pro-

fessor in the Theological Seminary, asked permission to tell the story of Adam and Eve. A reverent hush fell upon the room as the lisping lips recited the story. "It wath a plitty darden, and only there wath a thnake in it, nobody needth to be afraid. But the thnake thaid you thould wear more clothes, and though Eve made a dweth of flowerth," on down to the mournful end where "God thuted the gate and they couldn't go back, and the



"Earnestly the child sang."

poor thnake wath left all alone."

"Thank you, Georgie; that was a very nice story. Now who knows of some other people the Bible tells us of?"

"I know Abraham," volunteered Roy.

"Oh yes," said Gracie, "there's a picture of him in our dining-room, and my papa told us all about him.

Tommie rose majestically — "his name was Moses, and he was a very nice man. Pharaoh the king had a heart, and it was very hard, and every time Pharaoh was going to give Moses a vacation, why the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart harder. First it was prob'bly like chalk, next like sandstone, then limestone, by and by quartz."



"Mrs. Gibbs gasped."

He made black men white, and then he got in a box somewhere and a man shot him——"

"That wasn't my Abraham," objected Roy, indignantly. "My Abraham had a boy—a good little boy—and he took him out and made a bon-fire and worshiped him up to God, he did—worshiped him right up with a big fire."

"I know another Bible man" —

Ah, this beautiful theory of correlation! How well had Tommie experimented with the bits of stone; how wonderfully original his application of the principle!

During Tommie's recital, Roy's hand had been waving frantically, and now in response to Miss Thornton's nod, he sprang to his feet.

"I know a be-yew-tiful song about Moses. My Uncle Charlie taught it

to me. I'll sing it." And straightway the childish treble arose:

"Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
They fished him out with a telegraph
pole,
And sent him off to school.
Oh, sing Tra la——"

Earnestly the child sang, and no classic melody could have appealed more strongly to his little listeners, upon whom no sense of irrelevance or irreverence jarred.

Miss Thornton turned irresolutely to meet the eyes of the scribbling member of the Committee of Six. "Go on," gasped the latter, "this is indeed a revelation!"

By now the children were all eager to talk; each one remembered the lately-learned or half-forgotten bits of Bible stories.

"Annie may speak now." And with her usual dignity Annie submitted one of the most remarkable narratives ever accredited to Old Testament history. "There was a man in the Bible named Sandow — no, Sampson, I mean — and he was a very strong man; he slew a whole army of Philistines with the jaw-bone of Mr. Balaam's ass, which is an animal called a donkey by everybody but God and Mr. Æsop — Mr. Æsop wrote the Fables, and God wrote the Bible." Then, as if returning to her interrupted story, she added, "I

don't know what became of Mr. Balaam — I think he is dead."

In desperation, Miss Thornton turned to the reliable Margaret, who was twisting the much-tortured lock on her left temple — a sure indication that she was engaged in deep thought.

"Well, Margaret?"

"Once upon a time there was a man named Jonah. He was on a boat with a lot of other men, and a storm came up, and Jonah said, 'It is all my fault; throw me out, for I am no good, anyway;' and they threw him. A hungry whale was following the boat, and he opened his mouth and swallowed poor Jonah. But Jonah was just like Tom Thumb; he finally got out of the fish's stomach and got home as soon as the other men."

This was not at all a bad version. But it was a fish story, and was immediately challenged.

Arthur, short of stature, long of hair, vivid of imagination, arose.

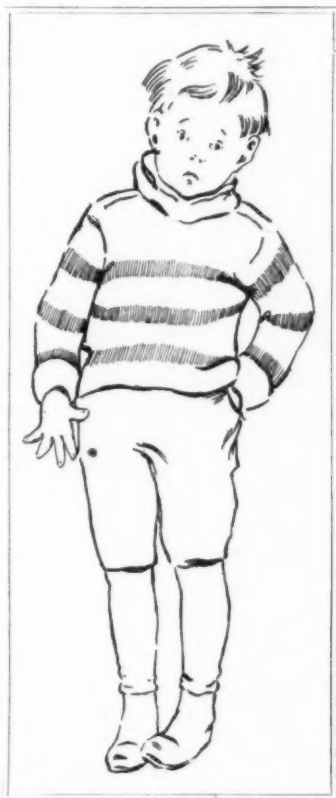
"Miss Thornton, some people say that that is not a true story."

"Indeed, Arthur?"

"Yes. But I think it is. Miss Thornton, I have seen a whale swallow more than that."

"Why, Arthur, you surprise me!"

"Yes, I saw a great whale, and there were three men in a row-boat. They tried to get away but they



"I was the whale."

couldn't. He swallowed them, boat and all."

"Arthur!" reproved Miss Thornton. "That is just a make-believe story, isn't it?"

"No, it is true. I saw it happen in the river."

"A whale in the river?"

"Well, no; it was in the Atlantic Ocean when I was crossing in a big ship."

"Oh, Arthur," imploringly, "you know you never crossed the ocean."

"But I saw that whale—I saw him swallow that boat. I was one of the men—or—no—I mean—I was—well—Miss Thornton—I was the whale!"

"Oh, now I know it was a make-believe story, for a boy couldn't be a whale. You may sit down, Arthur."

The committee member jotted down several very emphatic-looking sentences just then.

"They had lots of boats in the Bible," piped up the pensive Johnnie. "I guess the Bible grew near the water, because it tells lots

about boats and things. Once there was a man named Noah, and he took his whole family out on an ark, because it was raining and raining and raining, and nobody else got scared 'cept Noah—"

Roy sprang up. "I know Noah. Uncle Charlie said 'at Noah and his sons and their wives, and his own wife, all got tired of being so dry and they went on a lark—it *was* a lark, Miss Thornton," as Johnnie had corrected with a loud "Ark!"

"Lark!" shouted Roy.

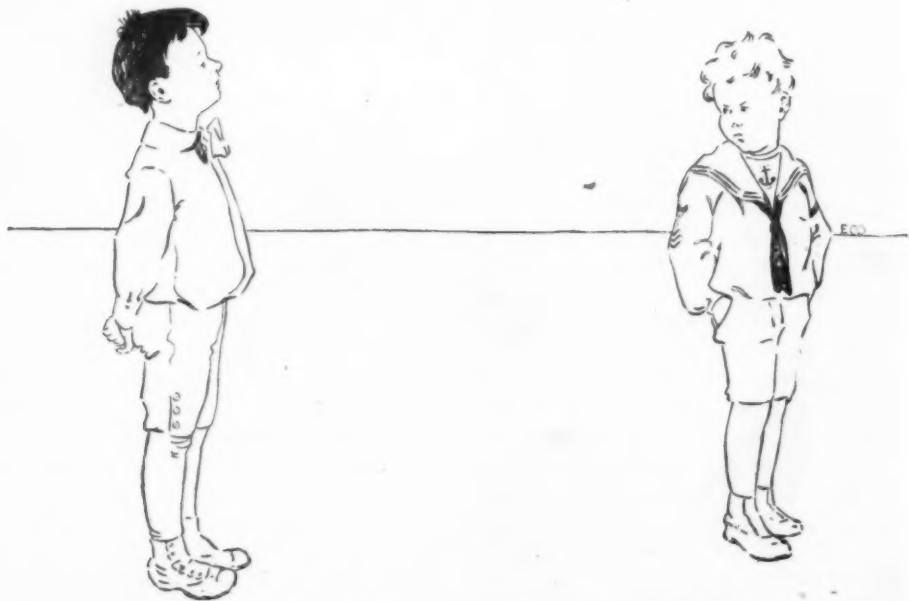
"Ark!" declared Johnnie.

"Lark!"

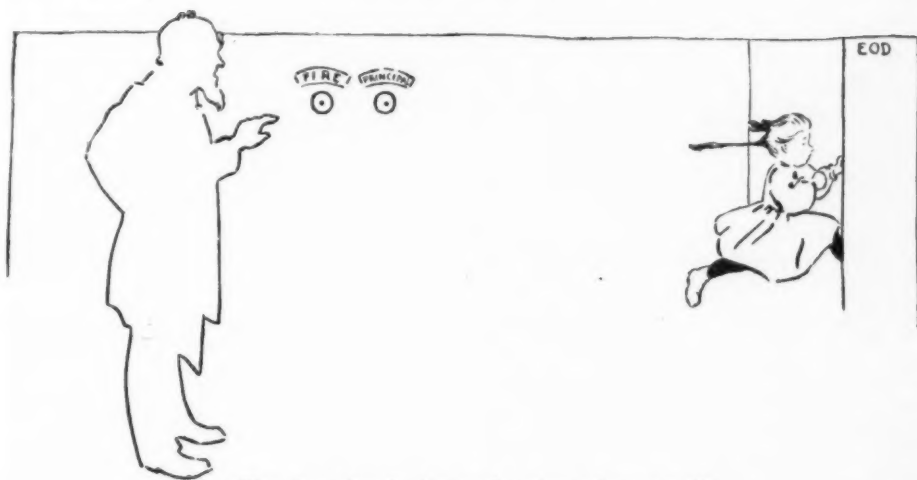
"Ark!"

Miss Thornton reached for her order bell. The committee member dropped her pen. Then suddenly something happened.

The Deacon, having completed his inspection of the Second Grade work, had mounted the steps to the office, wishing to consult the Principal as to his next move. The office being unoccupied, he touched



"Roy sprang up. 'I know it was a lark Miss Thornton,'



"The first electric button he chanced to spy."

the first electric button he chanced to spy.

Presto, change! There was a sound of opening doors, a mighty tramp of many feet upon the stair-

ways, and forth into the open air rushed four hundred speechless children!

The Deacon had touched the Fire Drill Button!

How Men Propose

BY MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS

How men propose—I confess the subject has always appealed to my curiosity. Of course, I knew how they had proposed to me, and I knew how other girls said they had proposed to them, but I yearned for a glimpse into the masculine mind, and with the wisdom born of two seasons' experience, I inquired, "How do girls accept?"

"On the spot," said the guileless youth I questioned. "*Toute de suite*, bless the dears."

I must have looked my surprise. "Why, I always—" I began, "that is, the girls give one to understand that they require time to know their minds and——"

"They have had plenty of time to

know their minds before the man proposes to 'em," returned the youth sagely. "They may give you girls to understand all that, but they generally give the man to understand it's a go before he leaves the room."

"Perhaps you are more fortunate than many," I suggested.

He shook his head modestly. "They are all alike. You don't suppose a fellow would propose to a girl, do you, if he thought she was going to throw him down? A man's a fool to propose unless he's sure of the girl."

I hastily reviewed my past. "Are they all sure?" I inquired fearfully.

"Well, of course, some fellows make mistakes," he admitted, "but

a man can tell if a woman really cares—that is, if he's anything of a mixer."

A mixer. I sidetracked the conversation to follow this new idea, though I felt a little hesitant about inquiring. It might be a barkeeper.

"A mixer?" he answered. "Oh, a fellow that's on, you know—one of the crowd—knows hearts from diamonds."

"Well, then," I returned to the subject, "after this—this mixer knows his own mind and is sure that the woman in question reciprocates, how does he—er—break it to her—that—that he's on?"

"Why, she knows already. Can't you tell when a man is in earnest?"

"But according to you," I said in desperation, "they both know, and know that the other knows; where, then, does the proposal come in?"

He put down his cup and leaned back reminiscently. "Well, say he's taking her home from the theater some cold night, and he leans over to tuck the robe more about her; say he takes her hand—or something"—he looked at me and I nodded gravely—"Well, of course, she puts up a bluff and he says, 'I wouldn't ask you if I didn't care for you; don't you know what you are to me?' and then it's all over but the shouting."

I eyed the youth reflectively. I was sorry for my younger sister and the generation of girls yet un-introduced to this social world.

"Then you never write the—the declaration?" I ventured.

He snorted derisively. "And have her call in half a dozen of her best friends to tell her how to answer it? Nay, nay, Pauline. George may be a fool, but he's not such a fool as he looks."

I held out my hand. "Good-bye, George," I said sadly. "Thank you

so much. You have been a—a revelation. You will never know what a revelation."

Richard must have passed George in the hall. "How do you do?" said I. "Your tea is all ready." (Richard always comes at precisely a quarter after five.) "I am conducting excavations, Richard. How do girls accept?"

"How should I know?" said he, meeting my gaze. I looked down. There was no reason why I should, but there was no reason why I shouldn't, and Richard evidently expected this concession to the eternal masculine.

"Well," I went on, after a fitting pause, "how do men propose, then?"

I half expected another compelling gaze. To my surprise, and of course relief, Richard laughed mischievously.

"Easiest way possible," said he.

"Then that's why the girls make it easy for them?" I began.

"Exactly. Take my advice, dear Lady Disdain, and make it——"

"*Je ne vois pas la nécessité*," I retorted smartly. My accent may be execrable, but the sentiment, I flatter myself, is at least pat.

Richard laughed. "There are two classes of girls," he was beginning, when I interrupted again. "There have always been two classes of girls, my dear Richard. The girls that men propose to, and the girls that men don't."

"There are two classes of girls that men propose to," said Richard; "the girls they know will have them, and the girls they know won't."

I sat bolt upright. "Then is *that* why——" I exclaimed, but he went on unheeding.

"The first class is flattering, the second, safer. You observe I use the comparative. Neither woman

nor proposal is a safe proposition. My old chum at college proposed casually and confidently to a girl for a couple of years—and then she accepted him."

"How did he get out of it?" I inquired, sympathetically. A woman's sympathies are invariably with the weaker side.

"He didn't," said Richard. "She married him. She was that kind of girl. You see," he continued confidentially after a pause, "a man can never tell when he's going to propose to a woman. If he's interested in her, and they are much together, he knows there isn't a moment when he may not speak the fatal word. The woman knows this, too, and so the game is really in her hands."

"You appall me," said I. "Let me give you some more tea for that nervous feeling."

I continued looking at the tea-pot for some minutes after I had put it down. Then I said slowly: "So with you it's only a question of propinquity and circumstance?"

"Yes and no. All the propinquity in the world couldn't make a woman the One Woman for a man, but it does determine whether he tells her so. And if the One Woman has passed out of his life—sometimes she vanishes before he recognizes her—then propinquity and circumstances are all he has left—his sole determining factor."

I was still looking at the tea-pot. "D. F.," I mused. "I don't think I like to be it, Richard."

"D. F.?" said he.

"Determining Factor," I explained more and more disconsolately. "It sounds like a degree, or a patent medicine. And it suggests such unpleasant things! Don't Fire or Dear Friend! Why do I have to be a D. F., Richard?"

"Dear child, you can't help it," he said. "You always have been my determining factor; but propinquity and circumstance have nothing to do with it." In my heart I knew he believed this. I should never have forgiven him if he had not. But in my heart of hearts—

Richard put down his cup and came to my side of the table. "Fie on such long words," said he. "Dear, you are the One Woman. I have told you so often, isn't it time I had my answer now?"

"I have given you several," I protested.

"Not the right one. Cynthia, haven't we played hide-and-seek long enough?"

But I held him off one more instant, for I thought of George, and the awful suspicion swept over me that Richard might be a mixer!

"Are you sure of me?" I demanded.

"Heavens! What an idea!"

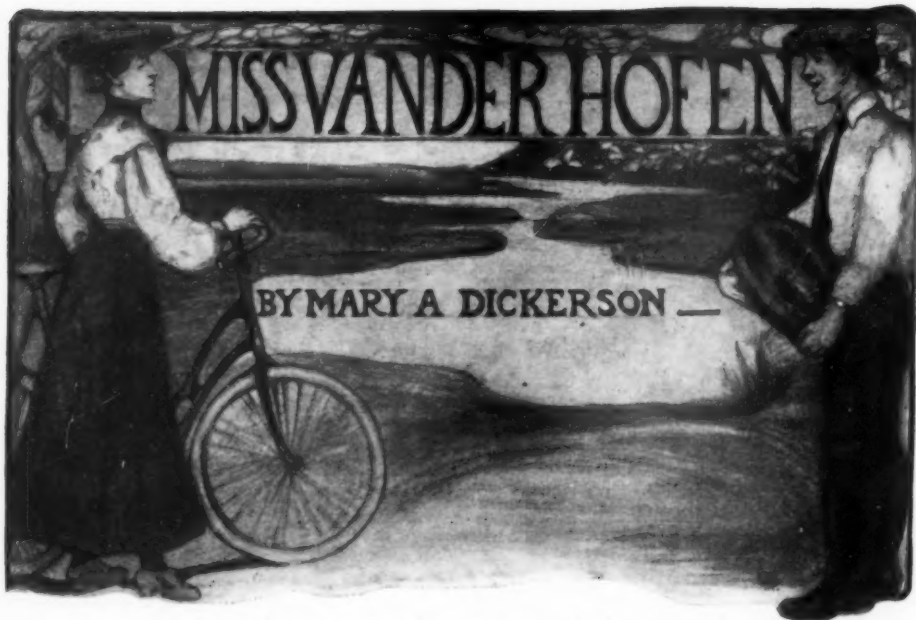
"Have I ever made it easy for you?"

"Suffering martyrs! No!"

"Or am I merely safe?"

"Cynthia!" he blazed.

And that is really the last instance I have gathered of how men propose. But I still wonder whether George would call Richard a mixer.



It was a distinct damper on the tenants of the Frying Pan when Mrs. Ogilvie's niece arrived upon the scene.

Truth to tell, Mrs. Ogilvie had not wanted her herself. She had seen the girl at rare intervals only, but was firmly convinced that she would not mix at all well with the "Sweet Sixteen," whose camping parties she had chaperoned since they averaged sixteen in age as well as in numbers, and she herself was a merry young matron of thirty.

But there was no help for it. Claudine's mother must go to a sanitarium with her invalid mother-in-law. Claudine must be stored somewhere for the summer. So Mrs. Ogilvie sighed a deep sigh of resignation, and told the nearest representatives of the Sixteen that they must bestir themselves, and find another chaperone for the Frying Pan for one season.

But the representatives revolted. Sooner a strange girl than a strange chaperone! Why, Tony and Hal were coming home—the one from New York, the other from Denver—

to attend the annual camping party on the shores of Lake Erie, and what was more, Helen and Jim, the unromantic, had just announced their engagement. There must be more in the way of celebration than ever this year, instead of less, and they simply couldn't spare merry little "Mother Ogilvie."

Amy was in Berlin, studying music. The stranger could take Amy's bunk, though not her place, and they would do their best to make her feel "homey."

So Mrs. Ogilvie, with one sigh of satisfaction and one of worry over troubles sure to come, consented, and she and Claudine Vander Hofen went down with the faithful Luke and Letty, whose black faces always beamed benignly on the frolics, to open the rough and ready cottage, whose big living room, with its long, narrow kitchen and bedroom wing, had helped, along with the "hot times" enjoyed by its tenants, to give the camp its name.

That night the boys, who always inhabited tents, leaving the cottage to the girls, set up their canvas

houses on the plot of ground beside the house, which, as it was generally even noisier than the Pan itself, was known as the Fire, and fun ran high.

Through it all Miss Claudine Vander Hofen sat, sad and silent, in a corner. She did not seem so much shocked as surprised at the festivities that always attended the opening of the camp, and when boys and girls alike came up for their accustomed kiss of greeting to the mother of the camp, poor Mrs. Ogilvie felt absolutely ashamed of the ceremony which had always seemed so harmless and so pretty to her in other years.

Claudine emphatically didn't belong. She did not row, and bathing made her shiver. She was afraid of horses, and did not make friends with the camp mascots, Sue's Boston terrier and Fred's collie, at whose shrines all the others worshiped.

She had no parlor tricks at all, and did not even deign to take part in their nightly concerts out on the point.

The boys and girls did try for a day or two, then let her alone, and she amused herself by going to town on Tina's bicycle, which she rode rather well, posting innumerable letters which she wrote at all hours, and getting books from the very limited village library.

She trundled the wheel past the rest of the party one morning, just as they sat sunning themselves after a swim, and nodded half shyly in response to their cheery good-byes, as she started down the road.

"Poor Amy," sighed Nell, as she flopped her long wet braid in the sunshine, to make it dry the sooner. "Wouldn't her soul rise in waves of discord if she could see what's taking her place this summer."

"She is rather uncompanionable,"

said Tony primly, and the others laughed.

"Uncompanionable!" sputtered Fletcher, whose jokes Miss Vander Hofen either did not or would not understand. "She's frosty—chilly—cool—cool as—cool as a watermelon!"

At the word Claudine Vander Hofen and her shortcomings were forgotten. A chorus of longing sighs and unmistakable smacks went up from the others.

"They're ripe," was Tony's apparently inapropos remark.

"They can't be!" cried the chorus.

"Jeremiah Huff told me himself," said Tony.

"Jeremiah hasn't got any this year," objected Clinton. "Hal and I put in half a day hunting, and never found a patch—not even a shred—of watermelons."

"Jeremiah also told me," rejoined Tony relentlessly, "that he 'got 'em hid this year so we ain't no chance of findin' 'em, an' ef we do, he's guardin' 'em so close a city politician hisself couldn't steal one, let alone us,'" and Tony mimicked to perfection the nasal drawl of Farmer Jeremiah Huff, their one and only enemy.

"We might buy some," said the peace-loving Elizabeth, but the others hooted her into silence.

"Watermelons aren't good unless they're stolen," growled Jim from the hammock, where he was surreptitiously squeezing Helen's hand under the shelter of a pile of bath towels.

"And not always then, when you choose them, Mr. Spooner," retorted Tony, dodging a well-aimed bar of still slimy soap, while the bath towels fell with a soft thud, and wrathful James started after his tormentor.

"Peace, peace!" cried Mrs. Ogil-

vie, getting her plump figure between them, and Helen's voice came from the hammock, where she still sat serenely, "Braggart, braggart Tony! Do it yourself then, do it yourself! Dare you to find old Jerry's patch and steal a melon—dare you, dare you!"

"I'll do it," cried Tony, who never was known to take a dare from any one, "and Jim, when I get the patch located, you can come along and watch me do the stealing—and the selecting. Hi, there's Luke's dinner grin coming round the corner. Beat you to the table," and problematic watermelons were forgotten for sure and certain dinner, as the camp took to its heels, and rushed *en masse* after long-legged Tony.

For two days nothing more was heard of the venture, and gibes ran high, when on the morning of the third, Tony, who had been reported "out till cock-crow," appeared with a smile of bland though sleepy satisfaction.

"I've found 'em," he announced, between waffles. "I've found 'em—in the corn. Yes, sir, the old chap planted 'em instead of pumpkins. Pretty clever, too, but you can't fool me! Jimmy, gird up your loins preparatory to rapid transit from the fields, and keep your eye on your Uncle Tony."

As he spoke Miss Vander Hofen gazed at him in mild surprise, and rose from the table.

Tony shivered dramatically behind her back.

"Odds waffle pans!" he murmured. "That chilling glance! I pray it hath not hoodooed all my efforts! Oh, gleefulness! She goeth!"

And as Miss Vander Hofen rode sedately away to town, with her books and letters strapped neatly to her handle-bars, Jim and Tony, who had averred that a morning steal

would be safest, because least expected, followed, on foot.

Once out of sight, the objectionable Miss Vander Hofen was also out of mind, and the doughty knights of the watermelon pursued their way to the sheltered field, where, among the waving corn, Mr. Huff had managed to make his melons grow.

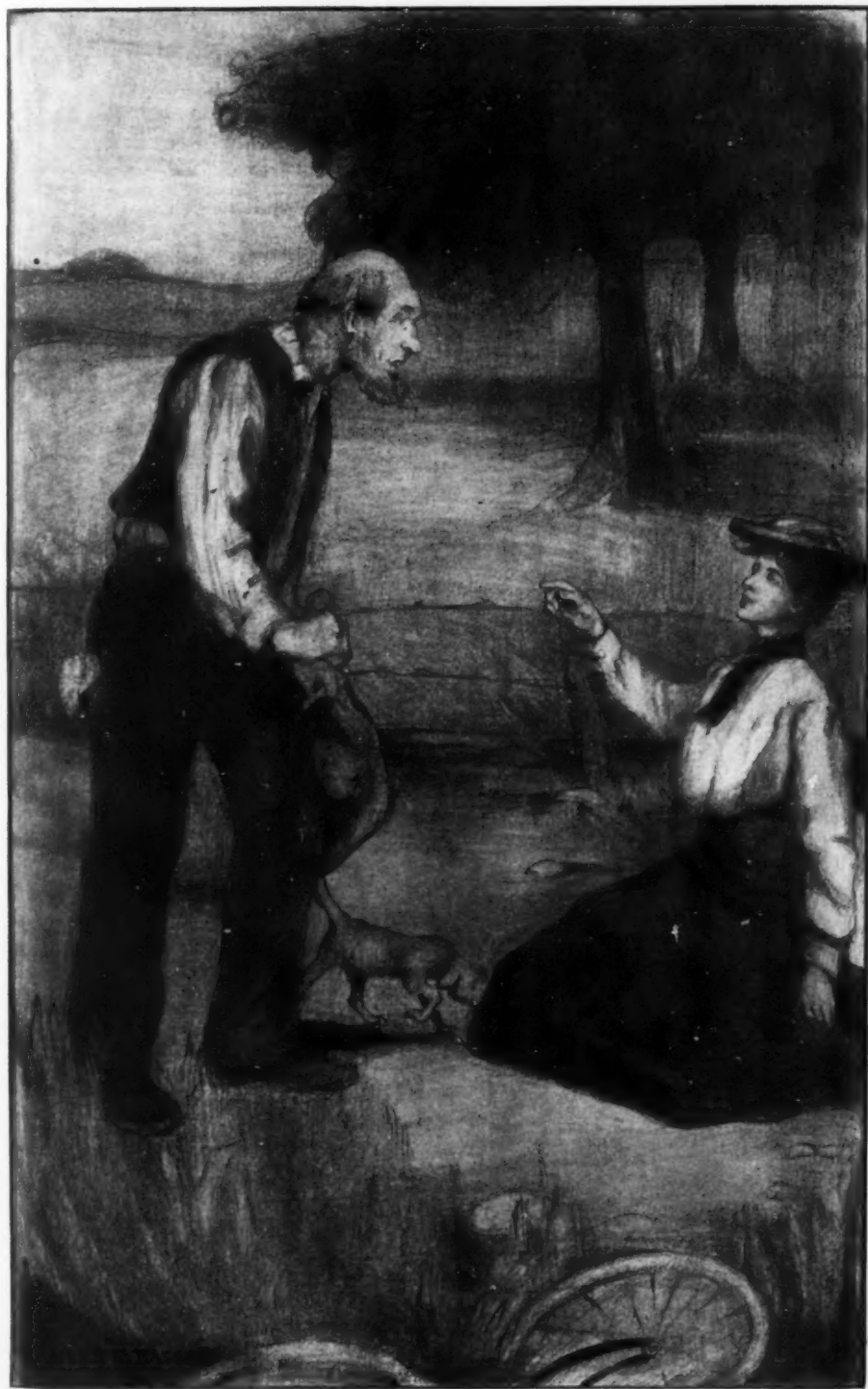
The place was guarded: first and foremost, by two unpleasantly close and tight-built barbed wire fences; then, around the outskirts of the field could be seen in the soil, still moist from a midnight shower, the footprints both of Mr. Huff, and of his unmannerly yellow cur.

But they were not there now, and the melons were. They lay, large and luscious, between the hills of corn.

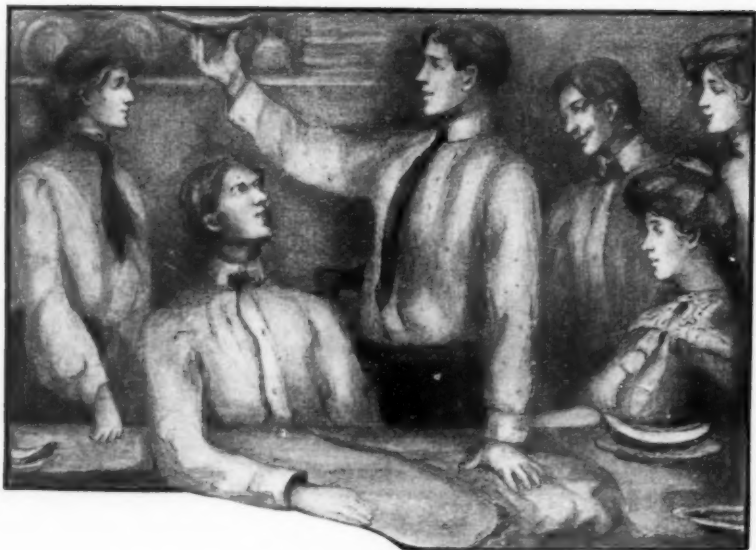
Tony stooped above them with an exulting grin. His first impulse was to grab and run. Then he remembered his insulting remarks about Jim's inability to make a happy choice, and was by the remembrance unhappily prompted to go cautiously from melon to melon, tapping wisely as he went.

His caution was his undoing. As he chose his melon, and bent knife in hand to cut it from the vine, there came a warning snuffle near at hand, followed by a full and able-bodied yelp. The yellow cur had done his duty. To the fame of Tony, be it spoken, he never thought of escaping without his prize.

He clutched it to his breast and ran. But a big, green slippery melon is not the easiest thing in the world to carry. Tony rolled it under the fences himself, but there were other times when it rolled of its own accord, and by the time they reached the road side, Mr. Jeremiah Huff was close to them, and his dog was really there.



“Won’t you please call off your dog, and find those men?”



"In honor of our dear friend and comrade, Van."

Desperately the three — Tony, Jim, and the melon—tumbled down the bank and around a curve of the road.

Once more the melon sprawled away from Tony, and he gave a groan of sorrow. There wasn't time to get a certain grip on it again, and run from unencumbered Jeremiah Huff.

But as he bravely stooped to try it, a bicycle swooped down upon him, nearly knocked him over, and sent the melon rolling.

It was Miss Vander Hofen.

Tony almost swore at sight of her. But for the first time he saw Miss Vander Hofen animated. Without word, she plumped down on the melon!

"Oh, don't you see?" she murmured, twitching out her skirts around her. "You can run without it—hurry—double on him—and come back," and as they saw at last and hurried on, whooping triumphantly, she settled down into a heap just as the indignant Jeremiah burst through the bushes and came plunging down the bank.

"Which way did them scamps go?" he yelled to the strange maiden, whom he beheld stranded by the roadside. He had known the residents of the Frying Pan for years, and knew she was not of them. "That," and Miss Vander Hofen pointed truthfully, at the same time trying to ward off the faithful yellow cur, who showed a too great interest in her skirts. "Won't you please call off your dog, and find those men? They've stolen your watermelon, and upset my bicycle, and I hope you'll catch them."

"You bet I'll catch 'em—and prosecute 'em, too! They can't beat me with the melon to carry! Come away, Tige—let the lady alone," and calling off the one successful detective, the other hurried down the road at top speed, while Miss Vander Hofen, helpless with laughter, slid from her slippery seat to the grass, just as a voice whispered from the bushes, "I let Jim run on a bit, to lure him, and doubled myself. Here, I must hurry with the melon. Clever girl, to start the chase

towards town. Miss Vander Hofen, you're a brick!"

"You've been a long time finding it out," rejoined Miss Vander Hofen cuttingly; "and while you're about it, you might as well call me Van. The girls all did at school. But you see, they were only girls—I've never been used to having boys around except at dances and things, and I had to get used to you. See here, take my neck ribbon and your tie, and fasten that melon to the saddle. You'll never get it home at this rate."

And the Frying Pan sizzled with surprise when, ten minutes later,

Tony and Miss Vander Hofen walked in, with the melon riding in state between them.

Then they fell to the feast. The last pink fragments were eaten, as Tony announced in a most elaborate speech, "In honor of the birth of our dear friend and comrade, Van, and the unregretted death of Miss Vander Hofen."

That lady, impersonated by a pile of well-scraped rinds, was buried deep from prying eyes beneath the hot sands of Lake Erie's shore, and once more the Frying Pan and the Fire glowed in joyful unity together.





Katie



BY MESEROLE MARTIN

Gently unlocking my door, I stole downstairs in the shadowy hour preceding dawn. Out on Aunt Phyllis's porch there was just light enough to see that the morning-glories which climbed the trellis were shaking their closely-curved petals as a child, feeling the first warm kiss of the sun upon its cheek, tosses restlessly before awakening. Harbingers of His Majesty's advent were everywhere, and I hastened down the path, fearful of losing that which I had risen thus early to see. A belt of dwarfed cedars between it and the bay, made of Aunt Phyllis's garden a hidden paradise. Beyond the cedars lay the hard yellow beach with its serpentine streak of deeper color left by the tide. On one side the cedars closed in the view; on the other a stretch of waving marsh-grass offered a retreat for tortured coast birds. Before me lay a broad expanse of water soon to be flooded by the ascending radiance of the King of Day. Not a ripple disturbed its placid bosom, but at my feet diminutive wavelets flowed softly in crooning a never-ceasing lullaby.

Slowly the sky above the low line of shore across the bay, brightened as though smiling a welcome to the coming sovereign. The cool gray tints of dawn silvered in the advancing light and a whispering zephyr blew caressingly toward me, fanning the quiet surface of the bay into motion. An unseen hand painted on the horizon great streaks of gold and crimson that broadened and deepened and spread to the sober clouds, glorifying them. Then the sun came, an effulgent disc, whose

perfection drew their ready curtains before my dazzled eyes.

I drew a long breath of content. For weeks I had tried to picture this sunrise, and now it had come and gone, and day was abroad in the land, and a great peace enveloped me.

Presently there came to my ears the gentle swish of a boat gliding through the water. My solitude had become a memory, whereat rebellion surged in my heart, but when I opened my eyes and gazed out over the luminous bay, the artist in me quickly effaced all other feeling and revelled in a picturesque addition to the scene.

My first fleeting, though vivid, impression was of a modern Lohengrin triumphantly riding his swan, for the pretty white craft rose gracefully at the prow and a yellow-haired viking stood amidships, plying an oar, first on one side, then on the other, with a vigor that brought him toward me at a good rate of speed.

The keel grated on the pebbly beach and the viking sprang ashore, a strapping, college-bred man whose unashamed eyes regarded me with such a matter-of-fact air of expectancy that I wondered if in some other incarnation I had made an appointment to meet him here on this particular morning. I returned his gaze with interest and my wonder grew, for about him there hung an aura of reminiscence which eluded me, while reason clamored that this man had stepped within my range of vision for the first time. We were alone. It was not an hour when one might expect to find many people abroad. Perhaps I dreamt!

I rubbed my eyes. He was still there, eager, expectant, but to all appearances awaiting my pleasure. suddenly his voice startled me.

"Ready?" he asked, blithely.

I stared.

His eyes were blue, and interesting. I liked his clean-shaven face and the long jaw that bespoke determination. "A symphony in blue and white," I observed mentally, for the letter "C" on his white sweater was also blue, and the name "Conqueror" on the bow of the boat was painted in the same azure tint. Finding both strength and beauty in the splendid lines of his figure, I raised my eyes to his face again. I did not mean to accept his unconventional invitation, but as we looked frankly upon each other, a sudden feeling swept over me that resist, hesitate, argue with myself as I might, in the end I would accompany my Viking; therefore, I gathered my skirts about me and, stepping with dignity into the exact center of the little boat, seated myself in the stern.

My host followed, and we shot out upon the dimpling bosom of the bay—we two, unknown to each other, destined perhaps never to meet again.

My morning gown fell about me in crisp, snowy folds, and I preened myself with satisfaction that I had not been unfortunate enough to choose another hue than white, and in so doing, become an ugly blot of color in all this spotlessness. Suddenly I bethought me of my dark-brown hair and eyes, and laughing in my sleeve at the absurdity of the act, I clapped on the white sun-bonnet I held in my hand, and closed my poor unsightly orbs.

The minutes passed slowly for me, sitting in self-imposed blindness, but the fresh morning air upon my cheek was grateful, and I fell to

thinking what a contrast it was to the heated atmosphere of the city whence I had come the previous night.

Presently the captain spoke.

"I do not mind your not talking," he said in a pleasant voice, "for I am not in a loquacious mood myself, but you might at least open your eyes."

"They are brown," said I, shortly.

"I know that," he returned. "I have a good memory and I saw them once long ago."

In spite of me they flew open.

"When?" I demanded.

"Fully fifteen minutes since, back there on the beach."

My contempt blazed forth from the bone of contention.

"Pray, forgive me," cried the captain. "I was tempted and fell. I am only a man, you know, and you, one of a higher order of beings, should show yourself magnanimous. Let us change the subject. Do you like Bellehaven?"

Having decided to overlook his impudence, I became pensive.

"It is my second home," I answered. "It is the place I love best on earth. The chains of adversity bind me to Gotham ten months in the year, but for two months I live—as a rule."

"'As a rule?'" repeated the captain.

I did not wonder that he found my words unintelligible. My thoughts had flown back to the problem I was to have faced and solved even as the sun rose upon this exquisite new day. The problem, alas, upon the advent of the stranger had been relegated to a dim and dusty corner of my brain; it must come forth now and be properly aired and, if possible, answered. The peaceful hour, the regular dip of the oars, a companion who did not mind silence

—all these were conducive to thought. I shifted the folds of my gown, and curled comfortably into another position.

"I am trying to see my way out of a difficulty," I explained, thoughtfully, "and of course I seem to you stupid. Don't mind, please. Just row on, and let me think."

"Two heads are better than one," insinuated the captain.

"But it would never do, would it—to confide in a stranger?"

He made no answer, but stopped rowing, and, as we drifted on over the little, lapping waves, he looked deep into my eyes with an expression in his that I could not read, but which seemed vaguely familiar. His whole face seemed to soften and glow with a feeling that moved him strangely. At last he said, with a little catch in his breath:

"Am I really a stranger to you, Katie?"

Katie! The name thus spoken sent an icy chill to my heart, for looking down the vista of years that stretched behind me, I heard it uttered in that same voice, but the childish treble of those days was now a resonant bass. I saw the old apple-tree in Aunt Phyllis's orchard laden with sweet blooms, and two children standing beneath it, a boy with flaxen hair and freckles on his nose, a girl with a saucy dimpled face, smiling up at him. Under another tree, half shrinking behind its gnarled trunk, was a second little girl neither dimpled nor smiling, a child with her heart in her eyes.

"Good-bye, Katie," said the boy's earnest little voice, "I shall never forget you, never, and some day I'll come back and we'll live together always. Good-bye, Katie."

He kissed the rosy lips held up to him and without glancing about the orchard ran off to the carriage wait-

ing at the gate. Under the further tree a little form lay huddled among the dandelions, shaking with sobs. It was one of the tragedies of childhood; surely life held no bitterer moment than this, to have been forgotten by the beloved one in his sorrow at parting from another.

Allan, the boy lover, had come back a noble-looking man—and he called me "Katie!"

I shuddered and was silent, but his eyes drew mine and I saw that he was both hurt and puzzled by my manner.

"I wish I had not spoken," he said slowly. "You recognize me, and you are not glad to see me. I suppose I was foolish, but—ever since I left you, Katie, I have dreamed of a different welcome."

I made a valiant effort and succeeded admirably.

"You must forgive me," I stammered, with as much fervor as I could muster. "I was bewildered. I did not know you until you called me Katie, and even now I cannot seem to realize that it is Allan; but I am more than glad to see you. It is really your own fault for not telling me in the beginning who you were. I cannot imagine how you came to recognize me. Are you sure of my identity?"

I wondered if he could see through my feigned coquetry; if he could detect the anxiety in my voice! His laugh relieved me.

"Do you suppose for one instant that there are two Katies in the world? Why, you have grown up exactly as I thought you would. You are just my little Katie with a few inches added. I should have known you anywhere. By the way, are you still called Katherine?"

"No one but you ever called me Katie," I answered.

"That's good. I don't want to be

selfish, but that little name has meant a great deal to me for—how many years, I wonder?"

"Twelve," said I promptly, and then I bit my lip in vexation. Again he laughed. I liked the way he threw back his head. It was a trait of the boy Allan, as was also the directness of his gaze, which had not disturbed my serenity in years gone by, but the man's eyes were eloquent and I grew restive.

"Thank you," said he with calm assurance. "You are perfectly correct."

"Nonsense," shrugging my shoulders. "It isn't twelve years—that is, not exactly, and anyway I don't believe you have remembered me all this time."

"But I called you—Katie!"

"So you did. By the way, do you recall my sister's name?"

"Helene, is it not? I suppose I would not know her. Somehow I do not remember her very well. She was not as pretty as you, was she?"

"Oh, no," said I, dreamily, and with his ready chuckle of amusement, realization came to me. What an awful thing I had said! I lied desperately.

"I did not hear you," I stammered. "I was thinking of something else. You see the shock of your coming has paralyzed my brain."

"Did you mean it, Katie, when you said you were glad to see me?"

"Of course I did; but about my sister—do you recollect nothing but her name?"

"Let me think."

He rowed a few strokes idly, then rested on the oars again, looking thoughtfully out to sea. Glad to be relieved of his disconcerting gaze, I grasped this opportunity to furtively examine his features.

"Helene had an old yellow cur,"

he said suddenly, without turning. I jumped. "No one else would own the poor beast, so she took him in. Do you remember Dixie?"

"Yes," said I.

"The cur was devoted to her and would have nothing to do with you. Queer, wasn't it?"

"Awfully," I smiled.

"I remember, too, that Helene was a generous little soul, much more so than either you or I. We used to run away from her when we knew she wanted to go with us, and while we were gone, if any one gave her an apple or pear, she always kept it to share with us on our return."

My heart gave a great leap and a warm feeling of happiness stole into its deepest recesses. He had not forgotten Helene, after all.

"Has she changed much?" he asked.

"Oh, I—hardly know. You will have to judge for yourself," I answered hastily. "Allan, since you are such a very old friend, I think I will tell you my difficulty. It is this. A friend has invited either my sister or myself to go abroad for a year, sailing next week. We are both wild to go, but each is perfectly sincere in wishing the other one to have the good time. I have insisted that she shall go, and she has insisted that I shall go, so we came down here to Aunt Phyllis and the question is to be definitely decided before we leave. I have not yet hit upon an argument by which I can convince my sister that she is the one who must take advantage of this unusual offer. Can you advise me?"

Allan leaned forward and took my hand in his.

"Will you take my advice, Katie?"

"If it is good."

"Tell her you do not care to go

because—you are going to be married."

"But I am not."

"Katie, look at me."

I obeyed, but my eyes fell before the fire in his—a fire that set my pulses throbbing. Why had I accompanied him against my saner judgment? I glanced about me in desperation. The sun was rising higher and higher, and the little boat was drifting with the tide; it had suddenly become a prison to half its burden.

"Katie, do you remember your promise. Have I come too late to claim it?"

I tried to laugh, but the sound was a hysterical sob.

"You cannot mean what you say," I faltered. "We were children; it is ridiculous. Let us go home."

"Are you sure, Katie, that there is none of the old tenderness in your heart for me? I have carried your image in my breast all these years and longed for this moment, because I thought you would remember, and rejoice in my coming. Of course, it was a ridiculous thing to expect; I see that now. You were only a child. Forgive me, Katie."

He dropped my hand and grasping the oars, swung the boat around. The pain in his voice found an echo in my heart.

"You don't understand," I cried, miserably. "I am not the Katie you knew long ago. I am——"

"You are yourself," he interrupted, eagerly. "It is you I want—you, Katie. When I saw you standing on the shore with the glory of the sunrise in your deep eyes, I felt that you were waiting for me; it was the most solemn moment I have ever known. You fulfilled all the promise of your childhood, and in that instant I never thought of the impression I might make upon you. I

only realized that you were Katie, sweeter, dearer, lovelier than my dream, and that I had reached you at last. I didn't mean to frighten you, dear, but I have loved and wanted you so long, and I thought you would understand, because—well, just because you are Katie."

My face was buried in my hands. A keen sense of my own unworthiness weighed me down. Oh, to be on land, where I could run away from the sound of that eloquent voice! Was it true that I had heard it only an hour ago for the first time in twelve years? I seemed always to have known and loved it. What madness! What folly!

"Sweetheart, I saw something in your eyes awhile ago that makes me think I am not pleading in vain. Am I wrong, Katie?"

He drew my hands away from my face and held them tight. I tried to speak but no words came, and then our eyes met. Into his came a glow of supreme happiness and he leaned forward, but with his warm breath fanning my cheek, strength returned to me and I drew back, uncaressed.

"Listen," I said, tensely. "Take me back to my sister. We must think this over more carefully. It may be that you will not want to renew the subject, and in that case, I shall consider that you never spoke. I have a special reason for this, Allan."

"Very well, dear," he answered, gently. "Perhaps you are right, but I'm sure that you love me a little—you could not keep it out of your eyes—so I am not hopeless."

He rowed toward home with long sweeping strokes. As we neared the shore, a girl's figure in a dainty blue gown emerged from the cedars and stood awaiting us. My heart seemed to leap into my throat and then fall like lead.

"Allan," I whispered, "I have been weak and wicked; you must not believe that you saw anything in my eyes save the truest friendship. Do you hear?"

"You are cruel, Katie, but you are not in earnest. Who is that at the landing, dear?"

"My sister."

"Of course. I might have known. She looks more like you than she did, but Katie, come nearer—just a word before we land—she never did compare with you, and she doesn't now."

"Don't," I said, sharply. I was gathering my scattered courage for a supreme effort.

The boat's nose ran high and dry on the beach and I sprang out.

"Sister," I said, taking her hand gently, "I have brought you an old friend. Can you say his name?"

She looked him over sweetly and smiled.

"I do not remember ever to have seen him before," was her calm reply, "but I am very glad to meet your friend, Helene."

"Helene?"

Allan stared at me in wide-eyed amazement. I hung my head like a child in disgrace. The silence that reigned on the beach seemed loud with the clamor of a thousand reproachful tongues. After all, I had tried to tell him and he would not listen. So whispered the voice of the Tempter, but Conscience would not exonerate me. My misdemeanor assumed large proportions and I stood the personification of misery.

"I seem to have said something unfortunate," remarked my sister. Nothing ever ruffled her serene spirit. "Pray, who is this gentleman, Helene?"

"Are you—Katie?" asked Allan, with white lips.

"Yes," said she, wonderingly.

"That is, I am Katherine. I have never been called Katie."

"Never?"

"Never," she repeated firmly, heedless of the appeal in his voice. "Helene seems to have been struck dumb. Tell me, who are you?"

"I am Allan Hume."

"Allan Hume!" said Katherine softly. "I do seem to have heard that name, but I do not remember you in the least. I am awfully sorry, but you must not mind, for I have a very poor memory for faces. Where did we meet—in New York?"

"Katie," cried Allan sharply, "I am the boy who left you twelve years ago when my father went abroad. I have lived in Europe ever since, but I have come back at last to my own country—and you have forgotten me!"

"And you cannot wonder at it," quoth Katherine, saucily. "Dear me, Mr. Hume, you did not expect me to know you, did you? Why, I was a mere snip of a thing twelve years ago!"

Allan's eyes had left her face at last and sought mine. I felt the blood mounting to my hot cheeks and wished myself anywhere else. Katherine glanced from one of us to the other questioningly.

"Surely," she exclaimed, "you did not recognize Mr. Hume, Helene?"

"Not at first," I said, hastily.

"But I did not have to tell her who I was," amended Allan.

"Then that is all right," sighed Katherine, "since we have not both offended. I am very much ashamed of myself, I assure you, but it was best to tell the truth. We shall be friends again, no doubt. Will you not believe that I am glad to see you?"

She smiled charmingly, and extended her hand. Katherine was

not merely pretty, she was exquisite.

I slipped away and ran up through the cedars to the house. The sunlight lay in patches on the poppy-bed and the dew-clad grass, but for me the sun had gone under a cloud forever. I had no doubt that Allan would renew his old allegiance, for I had seen many men fall victims to Katherine's charm. What a handsome couple they would make! Somehow there was no comfort in this thought for me. My difficulty was solved, at least—I was free to go to Europe if I wished. Hysterical laughter choked me. Catching sight of Aunt Phyllis in the kitchen-garden, I vaulted over the low, intervening fence.

"Tomboy," she smiled, recovering from my rude embrace. "Same as ever, aren't you, dearie? Open your mouth."

My teeth closed on a plump red raspberry.

"I am going to Europe, Aunt Phyllis," I cried. "Shall you be glad to get rid of me?"

"Not so fast, Katie, not so fast," said a laughing voice behind me. I turned quickly. Allan took my hand in his and bowed low to Aunt Phyllis.

"Shame on you, Katie, for not telling the most important thing first. We are going to be married, with your kind permission, madam, and when my business in America is finished, perhaps three months from now, we are going to Europe. Katherine is going next week with her friend, and we shall meet her on the other side."

"But—I am not Katie."

"Oh, yes, you are, sweetheart. You heard your sister say that she has always been called Katherine, so you must be Katie. Present me, dearest, to my future aunt."

Second Thoughts

BY MARY L. HATHEWAY

"Why don't you do something?" exclaimed the girl. "Are we to sit here and let the boat sink under us?"

"What is there to do?" said the man gloomily, "I can't row a water-logged boat. Can you swim?"

"Yes."

"Then I advise you to take off your shoes and get rid of some of your skirts. Tie everything you can spare in bundles and lash them together with this rope. Here is your bag—what makes it so heavy?"

The girl opened her dressing-bag and showed the silver-mounted fittings.

"Of all the idiotic things to save in a shipwreck! Well, you may as well take it along now; you haven't much else, and we may find the silver gimcracks useful if we have to trade with savages on that island. Here is your hat, and your steamer rug—that's good—and a thick wrapper and a bundle. I hope it has good sensible underclothing and handkerchiefs in it and not a pink silk waist."

The girl flushed angrily. "I—I am not used to being shipwrecked, but I am not a fool."

"Glad to hear it," said the man dryly. "Getting ashore to that



DRAWN BY MAYNE CASSELL

"Haydon stood up in the water and began to knock out the thwarts."

island will be a simple matter if you keep cool and use your common sense; but deliver me from managing a hysterical woman!"

Eleanor said nothing, but the anger in her eyes and the resolution in her tight-shut lips were far from hysterical.

Haydon went on collecting the loose articles in the boat and lashing them together; then he stood up in the water which reached nearly to the gunwale, and began to knock out the thwarts.

"You are splashing me," said Eleanor sharply.

Haydon laughed, and turned to look at her as she sat curled up in the stern. "I beg your pardon," he said sarcastically, "I thought you realized that the situation was getting decidedly damp!" And he fell to work again.

Eleanor bit her lips and struggled for self-control. She was tired, bewildered, humiliated by her dependence on Dr. Haydon, and angry with him, herself, and everybody and everything which had conspired to place her in this situation. She turned and strained her eyes against the rising sun to look for the wreck of their ship or some of the other boats, but was recalled sharply by Haydon.

"Come, come, Miss Sewall," he said, "this is no time to look back. There is the island in front of us and our business is to get there."

He had lashed oars, spars and pieces of wood together in a kind of raft and had floated it over the side; now he fastened on it the water-cask, two or three canvas bags containing cans of food, the little sail and his spare clothing.

"Give me your things," he said briefly to Eleanor.

She took her feet from the seat and stepped into the water without a word, handing him her bundles from the stern-sheets.

"Can you really swim," he asked, eyeing her sharply, "or is it merely a watering-place bluff?"

"I can swim," said Eleanor shortly.

"Very well, then, we will swim behind the raft and push it. My plan is to make for that gap in the line of breakers, which means a sheltered bay and perhaps a brook; wind and tide are in our favor. Now," he added sternly, "this is no time for prudishness. Take off your heavy skirts and get ready

to do your share of the work."

Silently Eleanor obeyed, and when Haydon turned to her a few minutes later he noticed with approval that she was in her stockinged feet with a very short pink flannel skirt and loosened collar and belt, and was rolling the sleeves of her flannel waist to the shoulder. He took the bundle of clothing she handed him and wrapped it carefully in a corner of the sail.

Then he said quietly, "If you are quite ready, Miss Sewall, we will start."

"Now?" she gasped.

"Yes; there is no use waiting if we intend to have a hot breakfast on shore," and he untied the raft and pushed it off.

"You first, if you please, Miss Sewall; take the right-hand corner and push gently; don't waste your strength."

With an irrepressible shudder Eleanor slipped overboard and struck out for the raft. Haydon watched her a moment anxiously, and then with a nod of approval followed.

The next morning Eleanor was at the brook washing the bits of tin which served them for dishes, when Haydon crossed on the stepping-stones with his arms full of wood for the fire.

"I owe you an explanation, and perhaps an apology," he said with some constraint. "I am not quite such a boor as I seemed in the boat. If you had not been thoroughly angry with me you would have been frightened; and I can tell you now it is over that that coming ashore was an exceedingly ticklish business. If I had had a helpless woman on my hands we could not have done it. You see that it was absolutely necessary that I should



DRAWN BY BERNICE BRANSON

"I owe you an explanation, and perhaps an apology."

make you keep your nerve."

Eleanor went on with her work without looking at him. "You might have told me frankly how it was and trusted me to do my best."

"I might with some people, but I thought——" he checked himself.

Eleanor stood up with her hands full of tins, and faced him with blue eyes blazing in a sunburned face.

"I know perfectly well what kind of a girl you think I am, Dr. Haydon," she said; "I heard you say to your friend that you didn't care to meet me, that you had no use for a pretty fool."

Haydon flushed. "I didn't intend you to hear that," he said apologetically; then he added, "but you did intend me to hear what you said to your cousin when she spoke of me; you said that a little knowledge and a great deal of conceit was a combination which did not please you."

"Well," said Eleanor, with a slight lifting of very expressive brows, "I have only the experience of the last two days to modify that opinion," and she walked away to the ledge of the rock where she had established her kitchen.

Haydon followed slowly and replenished the fire silently; then he picked up some primitive fishing tackle made of twisted thread and a bent pin, and started toward the shore. After a few steps he turned back.

"I can only ask your pardon again," he said; "the experience of the last two days has shown me, at least, that I judged hastily. I deserve a part of your criticism in that I had little knowledge of you and judged by appearances."

"And may I ask what there was apparent in me that deserved your sweeping condemnation?" asked Eleanor. "Don't hesitate to speak

frankly," she added bitterly, "the situation can't be any worse."

"I believe that frankness is the only course that can make us think better of each other," returned Dr. Haydon gently, "and perhaps better of the situation. I based my opinion of you chiefly on your effect on my friend. I knew him as an earnest student absorbed in his profession; a few days of dangling after a pretty girl, who talked and laughed and danced and walked with any one of a dozen others is exactly the same way that she did with him, made him incapable of thinking or talking sense."

"Well," retorted Eleanor, "was I the fool, or he?"

"I think——" began Haydon.

"No, you don't think," interrupted Eleanor; "you haven't the slightest conception of a girl who is happy and—and bright, and—pretty, and who likes pretty clothes, and to be admired, and to do things and to talk with pleasant people who are nice to her. She isn't thinking every minute that some man is falling in love with her!"

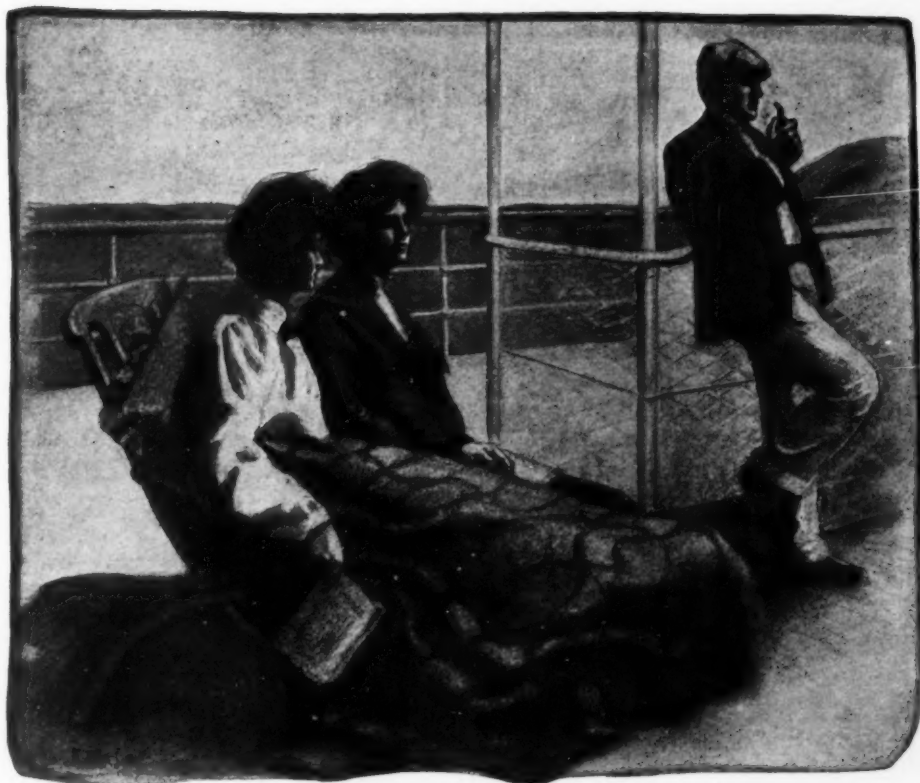
"But there is no depth, no earnestness——"

"How do you know what earnestness there is in such a girl? She doesn't display her 'depths' to acquaintances. I can't bear a man who has learned a little of something and is so afraid that people won't know how wise he is that he is afraid to play!"

"And you," said Haydon, hotly, "you can't comprehend a man who has not had time or inclination to play with girls, who has worked hard and takes honest satisfaction in the knowledge that he has accomplished something worth doing!"

Eleanor was about to retort but checked herself.

"We don't improve matters by



DRAWN BY KATRINA FAIRLEE

"A combination which did not please you."

quarreling," she said coldly. "If we are to have any dinner to-day you'd better catch some fish."

A little later Eleanor went out to the rocks where Haydon was fishing.

"Dr. Haydon," she said earnestly, "I think we are both wrong. I spoke in anger just now; I have changed my opinion of you in the last two days, and perhaps you think a little better of me."

Haydon stood up. "I was entirely wrong," he said; "and you were only too right in your opinion of me. I beg you most earnestly to forgive me, and to trust me; I know the situation is hard to bear."

Eleanor's eyes filled with sudden tears. "I don't believe you realize how hard," she said. "You are a

doctor and ought to know what loss of sleep and fright and suspense do for one's nerves."

"I know, I know," he said sympathetically, "and you have been brave and uncomplaining. I am filled with admiration at the way you have met difficulties."

"And I believe that you could save my life a dozen times over if necessary," said Eleanor, laughing away her tears; "and now that we have found out that there are real human beings behind our masks, don't you think that we might shake hands and be friends?"

Eleanor winced as they did it, and Haydon looked at her hand.

"You poor child," he exclaimed, "you have burned yourself."

"Yes," said Eleanor, withdrawing her hands, "I am not very skilful at cooking over a fire. But you, you have cut yourself," pointing to Haydon's bandaged left hand.

"Tin cans and clam shells," he said lightly; "I shall grow less clumsy with practice. But you can't work with a hand like that."

"Oh, yes, I can;" stopping his remonstrances with a firm "we must, you know. I am going to the woods now to look at our trap; we may have game for dinner as well as fish." And she nodded good-bye gaily and ran up the beach.

Haydon looked after her and began to coil up his line; then he let it down into the water again and resolutely turned his back on land.

"I believe the men are the fools," he said.

There was a bird in the trap that day, and other days; Haydon generally brought them on his return from his early morning trip to the signal fire on the hill-top. By that time Eleanor had had her morning swim and was busy cooking breakfast.

Haydon found her one morning in a white flannel waist instead of the torn and water-stained red one in which she had swam ashore.

"Hello," he said, "why this elaborate toilet?"

"The other was really impossible," answered Eleanor, "and this is all I have. At any rate, it isn't pink silk," she added mischievously.

"I wish you had brought that one, too," retorted Haydon, "and I'm very glad you brought that heavy bag with things for your hair."

"Things for my hair?" queried Eleanor.

"Yes, don't girls have to use tools to make their hair look like that?" glancing at Eleanor's ripples and curls.

"Tools! Oh, you ignoramus!" and Eleanor sat down and laughed. "Haven't you any sisters? Or cousins? Where did you get your ideas about girl's hair?"

"Shop windows," said Haydon meekly.

Eleanor laughed again. "Perhaps one-tenth of us go to the shops; the other nine-tenths do this—" with a quick expressive pantomime of coiling and pinning.

"Is that all?" asked Haydon amazed. "Why it's not nearly so much trouble to be a woman as I supposed."

"The more I find out of what you supposed," said Eleanor, as she put some hard-tack down by the fire to toast, "the more I admire your courage in bringing me ashore."

"I have never ceased to congratulate myself on my foresight in thinking you worth bringing," retorted Haydon, taking the fish from the coals and putting it on a battered tin cover.

"I have begun on the last box of hard-tack," said Eleanor. "I wonder—"

"This box will be more than we need," said Haydon easily; "we shall be picked up in a day or two."

Eleanor turned from her work the next morning at the sound of rapid footsteps, and Haydon emerged from the wood out of breath.

"A ship!" he gasped, "A ship!"

Eleanor dropped the coffee-pot and clasped her hands. "Is it—?" she whispered.

Haydon nodded. "I think so," he said. "I piled green wood on the fire and they cannot fail to see the smoke. Now we must do the same here."

They both worked with feverish haste, heaping the fire with green boughs; then they ran down to the

rocks to watch the sea off the point.

"Are you sure she was headed this way?" asked Eleanor with her hand on her throat.

"I think so," Haydon answered in the same strained voice, "but she was too far away for me to see distinctly."

For a long time neither spoke.

"Do you think she—is coming—for us?" Eleanor succeeded in saying after several attempts to break the silence.

"I think she has picked up some survivors of the wreck and is looking for others," said Haydon, glancing at Eleanor with some anxiety; "there is no reason why she should not stop at this island, especially after seeing our fires."

He turned to look at the smoke rising in thick columns from the hill-top and from the beach, and then he looked at Eleanor again.

"Miss Sewall," he said suddenly, "we ought to have a flag to display here. Have you anything white that will do? Run and get it and I will find a pole."

Eleanor sped away, the tension relieved by action. Soon a white flag was fluttering from a pole jammed in a crevice of the rocks, and they stood again looking out to sea.

"Why doesn't she come in sight?" said Eleanor twisting her hands nervously. "Do you think she has turned back?"

"No, no," said Haydon reassuringly, "you know it takes time for a ship to cover miles of ocean."

"Time, yes, a long time," said Eleanor absently. "How long have we been here—days, weeks, months?"

"Does it seem a very long time?" asked Haydon quietly.

"Yes," she said with a catch in her breath.

"And a very bad time?"

"See!" cried Eleanor, "there she is! She is coming! She is coming!"

The steamer came in sight beyond the point, and as they watched they saw a flag break from the topmast. In her excitement Eleanor moved nearer Haydon, and they stood close together watching the approaching ship.

"You have not told me," said Haydon in a low voice. "Has every moment of our stay on this island been hateful to you?"

"No," she whispered.

"At least we have learned to know each other," said Haydon earnestly. "I did not know before that such a woman could be—beautiful and clever, and yet practical and cheerful and patient and brave——"

"And you," interrupted Eleanor between smiles and tears, "have been all that and—and—just perfectly dear!"

And somehow their hands met and clasped, and they stood so until the ship hove to in the bay.



Old Miss Howlett's House

BY CHARLES MICHAEL WILLIAMS

When you rounded the curve in the road that, starting from the quaint old Massachusetts seaport town of Farhaven, ran the length of the island without taking you out of sight of the sea, the house struck your vision, accustomed to the dark green of the trees, the soft blue of the sea, the neutral tones of the cottages upon where there were the hues of sturdy, sun-tanned age, with a shock that made you blink, almost gasp. In the serene pastel of land-and-seascape the house was a jarring note that cried discordantly aloud—it was like a barber's pole set up in a church.

Built in the old New England style, big-timbered and substantial, with two wooden pillars supporting a portico in front, and with a steep-pitched roof, its lines were fine, classical; it was a noble old house; and you pitied it in its fantastic garb of paint as you would have pitied a respectable old gentleman of your acquaintance tricked out in motley. For the house was painted a glaring yellow, with the window frames, the two pillars, the steps and the cornices a still more glaring blue; a harsh, crude, obtrusive blue; a blue that had no more fitting place in the embellishment of this sedate, grave, antique habitation than would a plug hat upon a statue of a Roman hero. The barn behind the house was similarly painted. Above the barn there was the miniature figure of a whale carved out of wood for a wind-vane, and the whale was blue; and the posts of the yellow fence that ran around house and barn were blue. And all this eye-aching coloring was fresh; it had the appearance of having been newly applied,

although nothing else about the place suggested human activity, or use.

Miss Ariminta Howlett owned the house. She visited it every day when the weather was fine, though for forty years nobody except herself had entered it. The house was painted each spring. Miss Howlett's slim income yielded enough money for this purpose, but none for other furbishing or repairs. She lived in the village, with a distant cousin, Mrs. Sarah Rogers; and as she had no other relatives, everybody expected that Mrs. Rogers would inherit the house, and the joke of the island was that when Mrs. Rogers did get the property she would be ruined in the effort to repair it. Miss Howlett might readily have sold the house, especially after the city boarders discovered the island and came there in the summer; but that she would never do. So, hectic and dying beneath its paint, like a consumptive, the old house mouldered away among the tall trees that were untrimmed and among whose green robes you saw here and there a broken or withered limb, old trees that were as pathetic as uncomplaining cripples. There once had been a garden, but now it was a waste of weeds, and rank with grass, and the paths were overgrown.

It was such a pity, thought and said aloud Clifford Grafton, as he came around the curve of the road. What unfeeling vandal could it be who thus with two pots of paint spoiled a landscape? For, where the house stood, as Grafton pointed out to the girl upon his arm, the aspect of nature was an invitation to art. A mile distant there was the

curving blue of the sea along the sombre gray of the sands running eastward in a crescent to Cape Blair; to the left, low hills, drenched in autumn's mauve, made graceful lines that carried the eye into the dim blue and dimmer purples of the sky, where, in the west this day, the sunset was setting its palette in preparation for a masterpiece; to the right, nestling low, was the vague old town that hid the garish summer cottages by the beach; the masts of its shipping were slender silhouettes; and there were gray old cottages where they should be, and trees in fortunate groupings; and over all there was the translucent golden light of a fading day in September.

"The house is a blot, an abomination!" cried Grafton, who was a painter of landscapes; an ardent impressionist.

"Yes, it is horrible," said the girl, to whom the sight was not new. And they strolled along a grass-grown path to the back of the house. Old Miss Howlett was sitting at an open window there. She heard their words of condemnation of her house, and a look of pain and offended pride ruffled her worn, thin face. But when she saw the young man place his arm around the girl, as they sat upon a boulder not far from the house, a smile parted her lips and she leaned out to see them better, with a certain curious eagerness. There was no suggestion of spying in her movement; it was as that of a lover of pictures who comes suddenly upon a canvas that pleases him.

Their voices dropped to a murmur, and then their words came to Miss Howlett. They ceased to discuss the painted house; they forgot the landscape they had ostensibly come to see; they heeded not the fact that

the sunset had achieved its masterpiece over which jealous night was hastening to draw a curtain. They talked of their love.

Miss Howlett could not leave the window, though she told herself she should. She was held by a fascination she could not resist. Here, before her eyes, was enacted the romance that was her tragedy. So, in the twilight, the lovers carried on the duet that is as old as Eden and as young as the newest suburb; and the little old maid thrilled to hear it. But love's duet cannot always go on in lyrical notes; there is the recitative that tells the story. "I met your mother and aunt to-day, Ethel," said Grafton. The girl sighed.

"I met them when they were coming from the postoffice. They not only cut me—it was more like squelching. Has she heard from your father yet?"

"Yes; this morning. I—I got a letter, too. He will be here Monday."

Grafton turned quickly.

"Why, Ethel, why didn't you tell me?"

"I—I didn't want to spoil our hour together until the last of it," said the girl, wistfully.

"Then the letter——?"

"Oh, Clifford, the letter was horrid, horrid! Father is ruled by mother in everything. He lectured, he scolded, he—he commanded—Clifford, dear, don't look so—I cannot obey him, you know."

The young man lifted his head again, and responded: "No, dear, I know you love me; but I hate to think how you must suffer——"

She laid her hand upon his mouth.

"Hush, don't speak so. I—I feel that it is good to suffer a little something for what your love has brought into my life—Hush, hush—we must go; I have been away too long now."

Old Miss Howlett drew noiselessly from the window as they got up and walked toward, where now the lights in the hotels by the sea were vaguely twinkling forth. There was a flush in her sunken cheeks, and her eyes were bright with excitement. Like other lonely old people, she had the habit of talking to herself, and as she left the room and proceeded slowly downstairs through the dark house she said:

"I wish it had been lighter so I could have seen his face, for it did seem as if I'd heard his voice before. I s'pose it was just my fancy, but it did remind me of Will's voice. I guess I'm getting as flighty as people say; to think of me spyin' and listenin' to them the way I did! But it was nice to hear them; just like a book!"

All love affairs, printed or living, deeply interested old Miss Howlett. Strangers whose interest, as often happened, was aroused in her through the painted house, and who became aware of the queer little woman's absorption in all the marriages that occurred in the island, and the affairs that tended toward that ceremony, and of how she read and talked about all the love stories she could obtain, smiled and would ask why she had never married, herself. But the townspeople knew why; the story was a legend of the island, and when they happened to tell it the smiles of the inquirers altered in expression, and they would change their opinion of Miss Howlett's house; to the sympathy aroused by her story its yellows and blues seemed better than purple and fine gold; the house was a poem.

"I must find out about those young people," Miss Howlett continued, as she groped her way through the hallway. "I s'pose she comes of a rich family and her folks don't want

her to marry him. Sarah Rogers generally knows all that goes on among the summer boarders, runnin' that millinery store of hers, and if she knows about this I'll find out about it easy enough."

Carefully locking the door of the house, which kindly night was now veiling decently in black, she walked with her slow step toward the town, and Mrs. Roger's house.

Her faith in the milliner as a collector of gossip was proved just. Mrs. Rogers knew, if not all, at least enough about the love affair of the English artist and the Senator's daughter to confirm Miss Howlett's reading of the scene she had witnessed. Mrs. Rogers derived her knowledge from a niece who was a chambermaid at one of the hotels, who got hers from Mrs. Burton's maid. It was a complication ordinary enough; Miss Howlett had come across the like of it a score of times in her novels. A poor lover, a willing yet timid maid, obdurate parents intervening in the behalf of a suitor more acceptable than the man of palette and brush.

"They say her mother just makes her life miserable," chattered Sarah Rogers, over her third cup of tea that evening, "and she just shames the young English feller."

"And what is his name, Sarah?" Miss Howlett asked.

"Mr. Grafton, Clifford Grafton——"

"Grafton!" gasped Ariminta Howlett, turning white, suddenly trembling—"Grafton!"

"Yes, Grafton, Ariminta Howlett, an' why under the canopy are you turning pale? Oh, Ariminta!" Mrs. Roger stared with wide eyes for a minute at her companion. "I never thought of that. That—that was Will's name, wa'n't it? No wonder it gave you a turn."

Miss Howlett silently arose and put on her bonnet.

"Where are you goin', Minta?"

"I'm going down around the hotel to see if I can see his face in the light."

The other woman, a stout, ruddy widow, looked her astonishment.

"And why in the world——" she began, but Miss Howlett turned upon her with an air of peculiar dignity that bade silence and said:

"Please don't question me; I have my own reasons." And she left the house and walked toward the village hotel. A strange, haunting thought was in her heart. But she failed to see Grafton that night, although she waited about the hotel until late. She went back to her cottage, where Mrs. Rogers, sleepy-eyed with sitting up so late, received her in offended silence. Sleep stood apart from her; she tossed in her bed, thinking of the past that was brought to mind by the name of Grafton.

The next day she was early at her window. It might be that the lovers would again come. And they did. The spot was secluded, and yet nearby, fitted for their meetings, and they were not aware that the seemingly blankly shuttered house had one window open to look upon them. Miss Howlett saw Clifford Grafton's face in the sunlight; and she shrank back, pale and again trembling, her shaking hands pressed upon her heart.

"It must be so; it must be so," she murmured; "my thought was right." Eagerly advancing to her post again she fixed her dim eyes upon the young man, and watched him with a febrile intentness.

And after that day she saw the lovers constantly, for they came to the shelter of the painted house as to a sanctuary where for the time they could be secure from the frown-

ing looks and gossiping tongues. And rarely were they out of sight and hearing of old Miss Howlett. From her window she brooded over them like a dove. She drank in their words of love with a delighted fervor and she sorrowed with them when they mourned their discouragements.

A hundred times she was at the point of speaking to them; she even thought of inviting them into the house, but decided against the idea. After all, she might be wrong in what she imagined about Grafton; and, somehow, she would rather keep her thought even if wrong than find she had been mistaken by addressing him, although she longed to do so.

And she was enthralled by their love; the affairs of the islanders which she had watched with such sympathy for nearly half a century sank into insignificance beside this one. Truth to tell, although Miss Howlett was such an amateur in love, her knowledge was nearly all book learning; love-making she had never seen—save once before, when love was made to her—and these lovers were so handsome, and young; their talk was as the talk of lovers in a book, they were not ashamed to voice their affection as the married and going-to-be-married couples Miss Howlett knew were ashamed. Here was love as she had read and dreamed of it—and missed it.

At night, when she locked up the house and left it to brood in the darkness, or in the moonlight, over whatever history it was the shell of, and went, tired, to her bed, she would lie awake for hours talking softly to herself about the lovers. This wee old maid repeated to herself in the still hours with a singular relish all the terms of endearment and the sighs, and recalled the kisses of her lovers. She wished

she were rich; then she could make all right for them; and she wondered "why under the canopy" that old Mrs. Burton objected to such a "fine young man" as Clifford; and she would awaken from her troubled sleep with a headache due to the avidity with which she would devise possible and impossible means of helping her Clifford, as she called him to herself.

Three days before the Monday when Ethel's father was expected, the lovers were seated upon the boulder, and old Miss Howlett was in her window.

They were talking sadly enough, and Miss Howlett was sad, too; and most of the talking was done by the girl; Grafton was silent and distraught. Suddenly he lifted his head and squared his broad shoulders.

"Ethel," he said, "I quite realize that everything is harder upon you than upon me, and if I feel that I am pretty near the limit of endurance, how must you feel? You are pale and worn. We must do something, and, dear, I—I have thought of what to do.

The girl at his side started but little more at the determined tone than did the listening old lady in the window, who leaned far out, eagerly, forgetful of caution.

"What do you mean, Clifford?" asked the girl.

Old Miss Howlett strained her ears.

"Simply this. We must go away and get married——"

"Clifford!" cried the girl.

"Clifford!" cried old Miss Howlett; "now, that's the way to talk! Ethel, you just do what Clifford wants you should; you just do, dear!"

Astounded, frightened by this aerial voice uttering such words in the brooding sunset dusk, man and

maid started to their feet and wheeled around, with a half-stifled scream from the girl, and they saw above them the eagerly nodding, smiling, excited face framed in the blackness of the open window of the painted house. With wide-open eyes they regarded the singular phantom, the bizarre encourager of elopement, and they were too astonished to utter a word.

Old Miss Howlett's withered face was tinged with a blush now, and her thin frame trembled, but she met their looks fairly and bravely, and she said:

"I guess you think I have no sort of business to meddle in your affairs, but I just couldn't help speakin' out. I know all about you, and I own up I've been watching you."

The girl blushed now, and looked wonderingly at the old, kind face that was turned more and more to her.

"And," old Miss Howlett went on, "I want to tell you, Ethel, that if I were in Clifford's shoes, I'd go right off to the minister's and get him to marry you. What's the use of runnin' away to do it? When you're once married I guess you're as well off here as you would be a thousand miles away, and all the Senators and Senator's wives in creation can't mend matters. And they'll give in when they find they can't help it." She nodded sagely, eerily, as one who was wise in such lore.

Grafton turned to Ethel with a smile. "I believe our friend is right," said he.

Old Miss Howlett recovered her breath and continued: "Of course I'm right, and I'm glad to hear you call me your friend, Clifford." There was a sweet, quaint gladness in her last words that touched both hearers.

"Would you mind telling us why you take such an interest in us and our—our predicament?" Grafton asked.

"Yes," said Miss Howlett, in a peculiar voice; "but wait a minute till I come down to you."

When she appeared around the house she was trembling so much with excitement that they made her sit upon the boulder. Her withered cheeks were vividly red, her eyes were unnaturally bright. After a moment, breathing hurriedly, she looked up at Grafton, and said:

"Was your father's name William Grafton?"

"It was," said Grafton, surprised again.

"And wasn't he a native of this island?"

"He was, but——"

Miss Howlett stood up.

"I thought so," she said, "I thought so, from the day I first saw you. Did you ever hear your father mention"—she hesitated a moment and then went bravely on—"mention Ariminta Howlett?"

"My father died when I was very young," said Grafton, while the girl by his side gazed with ever increasing interest at the old lady who was questioning her lover in so singular a fashion. "I do not remember him very well, but I think I never heard him mention the—the person you name, or ever say much about the island. I only knew when I looked over some of his old papers a year ago that he came from here."

"Your father was born in that house," said Miss Howlett. "He deeded it to me when he went away, more than forty years ago. We were to have been married. He had the house all ready for the wedding; he painted it freshly; the people were invited. And—and we quarreled; yes, about something I never

told anybody. That's why they call me queer, but never mind, I had reason enough, then. I found out something about William that nearly broke my heart. So we parted; we both had strong tempers. He went away, swearing he would never come back; and he did not. I—I went into a fever for a long time. I hoped for years he would come back, for I found I could forgive him—I found out more about the world; you can't expect too much of men. But—but he never came back. But every year I painted the house as he liked it and left it, so if he came back he would know right away how I feel—and William Grafton is dead——"

Old Miss Howlett turned her eyes aside for a moment and gazed at the painted house. The lovers hushed their breathing.

"We parted by that window, forty odd years ago," she said at last; "I said, when I came out of the fever, that nobody but myself should ever go into the house until he came back, and I have kept my word; but—but William's son is here"—She turned sharply, eagerly to Grafton—"Yes, I said nobody should come into the house where your father and I were to have lived, but I wish you would make up your mind to marry. Ethel, don't you make a mistake the way I did. You have only one life, dear. Get married in my house. It would seem to me that I had done some good by keeping the house ready for William, now that his boy is here, and I would sort of feel easier in my mind——"

Her voice faltered, died away; her words were inadequate to express the dim yet compelling idea that animated her and urged her heart to make this sacrifice of atonement to the dead—for it was all of that. "Will you?" she asked.

Grafton turned slowly to Ethel.
 "Will you?" he echoed.

The girl's eyes left their absorbed gaze at the flushed face of Miss Howlett, and went to her lover's, and then to the wistful, yearning face. She murmured something.

"What did you say, dear?" asked Grafton, bending to her.

"Where be your ears, Clifford?" cried Miss Howlett, sharply. "She said 'yes.'"

And so it came to pass, the next day. In the big front room of the painted house, surrounded by antique furniture that had not been gilded by sunlight before during forty years, where under a glass case there was a withered bridal wreath that now was partly hidden by the flowers brought by Grafton and plucked by old Miss Howlett, who wore a black silk dress that was older than herself—it had been her mother's—

Clifford Grafton and Ethel Burton were joined in wedlock in the spot where his dead father was to have married Miss Ariminta Howlett, and old Miss Howlett trembled as if she were the bride. Who shall say what recrudescence of long-expired emotions quivered in her shrunken veins, and what haunting memories of what might have been stirred her soul? She mingled tears with the bride, to whom she gave an old coral brooch, and kissed her tenderly. She whispered to Grafton, at the last:

"You might have been my son. Be good to her!"

He bent and kissed her.

Ariminta Howlett died that winter. She left the house to the son of the man who gave it to her. With his family he goes there every summer, and he never changed the color scheme of the house.

The Betrayal of Cussin' Jim

BY C. MARION MOORE

"There ain't no fool like an old fool," remarked James Campbell, Jr., as he closed the Saunder's family album and returned it to its place under the center table, a feat which he had performed regularly for the last fifty-two consecutive Sunday evenings, "but I s'pose we'll have to let 'em go on."

Pretty Maud Saunders shifted her gaze from the carpet to the oil painting in the corner, then let it wander slowly down the wall to the carpet again.

"Yes, I suppose so," she answered.

"It wouldn't hev been so bad if they'd 'a married when we wus all kids," complained Jim, "but since

we've all growed up and both places a-runnin' as smooth as grease, it seems a pity."

"I think Ma has a right to git married if she wants to," responded Maud loyally.

"You're the only one that does," retorted Jim; "but I guess they'll go on in spite of all we kin do."

"I think that's the trouble," replied Maud wisely; "you're all a-tryin' to do too much. If Nett and Pete would quit hectorin' Ma, and you folks would leave your Pa alone, they wouldn't be half so keen to marry."

"But she wouldn't marry Pa if she knew he swore," said Jim, holding

on to this comforting hope in much the same manner that the proverbial drowning man is supposed to clutch the straw.

"That's what she said, but when Pete told her, she said she'd have to hear his own voice 'fore she'd believe it."

"And you may make certain and sure that Pa is mighty particular of his language when in gunshot of her," responded Jim as he arose to depart.

"Good-night, Maud."

"Good-night, Jim," she replied as she held the lamp in the open door while Jim untied his horse.

"Shouldn't wonder if it snowed 'fore mornin'. Wind's in the east and awful bitter. Good-night."

"Good-night, Jim."

Standing in the doorway, she listened to the hoof-beats resounding from the frozen ground until they halted at a farm house a half mile farther down the road, and then she turned and went into the house.

James Campbell, Sr., or "Cussin' Jim," as his friends and neighbors called him, stood at the window and looked out at the fastly falling snow. Although a man far along in the sixties, time had dealt gently with him, the only visible marks of age being a few gray hairs which had invaded his red beard and hair; and he stood as erect as he had in the years of his early manhood, part of which time he had spent as a mule-teen in the service of the Federal army, where he had acquired the vocabulary which had gained him his pseudonym. Passing over to the opposite side of the room, he stood before the little square mirror, ostensibly for the purpose of combing his hair, but in reality he was taking an inventory of those annoying "silver threads among the gold," and con-

sidering the advisability of purchasing a hair restorer the next time he was in town.

From the violent way in which the tinware rattled in the pantry, and the occasional tear which fell upon the table as Clarissa, the youngest, arranged the plates, it was evident that all was not well among the feminine portion of the household; and



"She wouldn't marry Pa if she knew he swore."

one glance at the sullen, overcast countenances of the boys as they lounged around the room in different positions, showed but a little better condition of affairs among the males.

After "old Jim" had settled the hair restorer question to his own

satisfaction, he cast a glance of surprise which quickly changed to one of annoyance as he noted the time.

"What's the matter, Em?" he interrogated sharply. "Hain't the stove in working order this mornin'?"

"All take yer places," replied the recreant Em, who forbore to show her displeasure in words. But the scorched biscuits, brittle bacon and overdone eggs told the story better than any vocal diatribe.

"Gittin' about time to try some of the Widder Saunders' cookin', ain't it, Dad?" inquired Frank as he winked at Jim on the opposite side of the table.

"Humph!" snorted Silas.

The old man glared around the table angrily.

"I don't think anybody can say that I hev done anything but right by you children, and I hope I may never see the day thet I want to do anything but right; but if there is them here that can't put up with the Widder Saunders' cookin' they had better leave."

"Don't worry, Dad," drawled Silas, "Frank and I hev made up our minds to go to Dakoty in the spring. We kind 'o thought the house would be sort 'o crowded."

What would have undoubtedly terminated in a very sombre meal was interrupted by the appearance of Pete Saunders, who set his gun down in one corner, and shook the snow off his back like a big Newfoundland dog.

"Good mornin', Pete," called out his prospective step-father.

"Howdy, Mr. Campbell," replied Pete, as he swept a comprehensive glance around the table. "Been havin' a Quaker meetin'? You all look kind of solemn like."

"You'd look worse than that if you'd had to eat Em's cookin' this mornin'," explained Frank as he

held one of the scorched biscuits up for inspection. Pete surmised there was another reason, but held his peace.

"Say, Jim, want to go huntin'? The rabbits'll be runnin' thick this mornin'."

Jim, who was only too eager for some excuse to take him away from the house, hastily finished his breakfast, secured his gun and was ready to be off.

"Do you want me to hitch up the gray colts to bring the game home?" the old man called after them with an attempt at jocularly as they crossed the barn lot.

"You'd better hitch up somethin' steady," bantered Pete. "I wouldn't be surprised if we killed more than them gray colts could pull."

The two hunters continued on their way in silence through the cornfield, scrutinizing each shock of fodder closely, and were rewarded for their vigilance by securing three rabbits.

"Ever hear a funnygraph?" Pete asked casually as they climbed through the fence into the woods pasture.

"A funnygraph?" queried Jim.

"Yes. A talkin' machine," explained Peter; "ever heard one?"

"Heard 'em lots o' times."

"I bought one the other day," remarked Pete.

"What are you a-goin' to do with a talkin' machin?" asked Jim scornfully.

"I'm a-goin' to break up this marryin' business," Pete replied coolly.

Jim laughed uproariously. "I guess you'll find it'll take a solider proposition then a cigar-box with a tin horn attached to it to do that, young feller."

"Jest you wait. I'm a-goin' to take a record of your Pa's swearin'

when he gets in one of them tantrums of his'n. And I guess when Ma hears that, they won't be any weddin'," he chuckled.

"But you can't take no record," replied Jim incredulously.

"I can't, hey? All you got to do

phonograph, and the concert commenced. The wonders of the machine were gone over carefully. Selection after selection was played, greatly to the delight of all, but particularly of old Jim.

"You can hear that feller talkin'



"A vocabulary wonderful and terrific in its profanity."

is put on the recorder and let her whizz."

After an argument which lasted during the entire hunt, Jim was at last converted, and he hurried home to inform his brothers and sisters of Pete's scheme.

In due time Pete arrived with the

jest as plain as if he was in this room. Hold on a minute, Pete, while I go see about them calves." The old gentlemen fumbled around for his boots, which had mysteriously disappeared.

"I'll go," announced Frank with suspicious alacrity.

"Well, they ain't no use of me

goin', anyhow," said the old man, so he settled back in his chair. "Give us a good one, Pete, and then you can play it over when Frank comes back."

Pete looked carefully over his collection, and finally brought forth a record which he placed upon the table while he wound up the machine. He also made some other changes, which the old gentleman didn't notice.

"For the land's sakes, if I don't believe Frank has let them calves out, and they're makin' for the back pasture as hard as they can go," said Jim who was standing by the window.

"You must be mistaken," said the old man, uneasily. "I expect them pesky mule colts has got the bulge on him somehow."

"No, it's the calves," shouted Jim, "for there goes Frank after 'em."

The old man arose, peered out into the darkness, and then began to search for his footgear.

"Jim, Clarissy, what in thunder hev you done with them boots?" he stormed as he paced up and down the room searching in every conceivable place for the missing articles.

Jim and Clarissa, who were anxious to avoid any suspicion of complicity, joined eagerly in the search, and in an over-zealous moment the programme was carried just a little farther than was intended by Jim setting his heavy cow-hide boot upon his august sire's toe.

For a moment there was silence. Then the old man subsided into a chair and began to exercise a vocabulary so wonderful and terrific in its profanity, that it caused a smile of joy to illuminate the countenance of Pete, who was carefully regulating the speed of the whirring little machine.

He commenced upon the calves as

the author of his woes; passed over the mule colts with a few blood-curdling adjectives; vituperated Frank as a ninny who didn't know enough to pound sand in a rat hole; passed down the list methodically, and finally wound up with a stirring eulogy upon Jim and Clarissa as a couple of blanked chuckleheads who needed a whole forty-acre field to turn round in.

"Did you get 'em, Frank?" inquired Jim as his brother appeared in the doorway.

"You bet!" responded Frank. "They ain't no mule colt that's a-goin' to run fur from a warm barn a night like this."

"I thought it was them pesky critters," said old Jim as he still nursed his toe, "but Jim would have it that the calves had got out. Pete, what was that you's a-playin' while I was a-huntin' fer my boots?"

"Nothin'," responded Pete truthfully.

"I thought I heard the thing a-whizzin'. Play some more," he demanded.

The concert was soon finished and young Saunders began preparing his phonograph for removal.

"I s'pose all you folks is a-comin' over to Bradley's to the grand taffy pullin' and funnygraph concert?" he asked.

"Didn't know there wus one, but I'm a comin'," said old Jim, who never missed an opportunity to be with the Widow Saunders.

"Well, I s'pose if Pa goes the rest of us'll come," said Frank.

"You all want to come," advised Pete, "for I wouldn't wonder if somethin' out of the ordinary wasn't a-goin' to happen. Good-night, all."

"Good-night, Pete," they responded in chorus.

A few evenings later, at the grand

taffy-pulling and phonograph concert, there was to be distinguished among the merry young folk in the kitchen, the young people of the Campbell and Saunders families, while in the front room with the older people sat the Widow Saunders, stiff in her black silk, and on a near-by chair was James Campbell, Sr., the gray having miraculously disappeared from his hair and with his trousers pulled over his boot tops, which gave him somewhat the ap-

pearance," said Maud some time later, with a perplexed frown, as she examined a record. "Where's Pete?"

No one seemed to have any knowledge of that young gentleman's actions.

"Let's have it, anyhow," spoke up a bluff old farmer. "We ain't a keerin' for names. The music is what we want."

This being the general verdict, the record was adjusted and the machine started. The audience waited



"He leaned forward and regarded it with admiration not unmingled with awe."

pearance as if a joint of stove-pipe had been inserted in each leg of the garment. After a period of conversation, the young folk were called in and the concert commenced. Maud, the only one of the Saunders family who was loyal to her mother, had been detailed to run the machine, and arrayed in a new dress in honor of the occasion, she took her position by the instrument and the concert commenced.

"There ain't no name on this

in silence for the announcement, but none came. Only the steady singing whirr of the machine. Then, at last when everybody had begun to think that there was something wrong with the machinery, it demanded in stentorian tones, "Jim, Clarissy, what in thunder hev you done with them boots?"

The audience was too surprised to laugh. One corpulent old lady who was resting her ponderous weight upon a settee, seemed to think the

remark was addressed to her personally, by the furtive manner in which she felt under the article of furniture she was seated upon.

Then the machine began to curse. One mirthfully inclined farmer started to laugh, but was immediately squelched by his wife, and thereafter he bore the guilty, cowed look of one who had laughed in church. Mrs. Bradley, the hostess, arose to remonstrate against such language, but suddenly changed her mind and sat down without a word.

Old Jim met his fate like a man and a soldier. The demand for boots brought a few drops of perspiration to his brow, succeeded by a look of sullen anger; but when the machine really warmed to its work, he leaned forward with his hands on his knees and regarded it with admiration, not unmixed with awe at the thorough manner in which every intonation of his voice had been registered.

"Well, I'll be dinged," he uttered as the record came to a close, a remark which brought forth a roar of laughter.

"You'll be worse than dinged, Jim Campbell," said the irate Widow Saunders, her whole form shaking with rage and mortification as she pointed an accusing finger at her erstwhile lover, "You'll be worse than dinged for tryin' to impose on an innocent widdler. I shall thank the Lord this night fer snatchin' me out o' the clutches of such

as you," she added devoutly.

"Madam," said Cussin' Jim, as he arose and made the widow a courtly bow, "the Lord didn't have nothin' to do with this business. It all originated in the head of that snub-nosed son o' yourn. Good-night, one and all." And he made another courtly bow. Then as he reached the door he turned to the corner where the young folks were seated.

"Boys," he said, "you needn't look fer the mangled corpse of your poor dead dad strung along the roadside anywhere, fer he's a-goin' to be in bed snoozin'."

With this parting shot, Cussin' Jim went out into the night.

The following morning the Campbells sat down to breakfast amid a stillness so dense that it gathered on things. At last the old gentleman turned to Jim with a premonitory clearing of his throat.

"Young feller, you and Maud had better get married in the spring, for your Pa is a-goin' back to Indianny, and there's no tellin' how long he'll be gone.

"And you," turning to Frank and Silas, "don't let me hear no more of this Dakoty business. Jim'll need you here to help work the farm. Between lollygaggin' around and doin' the chores, he won't be able to do nothin'.

"But I'd advise him not to have one of them funny-graphs around," he added dryly.

That Practical Joke

BY ETHEL SHACKELFORD

"I asked you to meet in my office," said Professor Charles to the teachers of the High School, "to discuss the events of this most unfortunate day."

The meeting had taken a serious tone.

"It goes without saying that Mr. Hughes has been the victim of a most underhanded, malicious practical joke."

A pause.

"Now the question is: Who did this? Have you any theories?"

Silence.

"What sort of a reputation will this school have if the story of this joke gets out, or the perpetrator goes unpunished?"

Miss Carr began making figures-eight all over her book.

"Mr. Hughes evidently has an enemy."

No one disputed the assertion.

"When such a day as this becomes a matter of history, it may be regarded as humorous, but it is too close to us all now to be anything but serious. If at the end of a week none of us has a clue to this mystery, I shall advise the Board of Education to put a detective on the case. The dignity of this school must be preserved. Has any one anything to say? Then that will be all for this afternoon."

Life was beginning to look a little serious to Hughes. He had come from Harvard to take his place in the faculty of the High School, where he was the hero of the boys because of his good fellowship, and where he was idealized, adored and feared by the girls. He understood the attentions the boys paid him, but the girls were slowly driving him

mad. They watched him during recitations until he tangled himself up in what he was saying, and they committed all kinds of small misdemeanors which made it necessary for Hughes to keep them after school, when they leaned forward on their elbows and worshiped him—instead of studying and repenting as they should.

He got help with his problems from Miss Carr, the youngest and most companionable teacher among the women, and feeling slightly depressed by the flowers he found piled high upon his desk, he had dropped in at Room 13 during the first recess of this memorable day to say good-morning to her. But to his surprise Miss Carr acknowledged his salutation rather coldly, and in his boyish, sincere way he asked for an explanation.

"It seems quite unnecessary to explain, Mr. Hughes, that your intended joke has a most offensive sting," she said.

"Believe me, Miss Carr, I have made no attempt to—I insist upon knowing what this is all about!"

"I suppose you do not deny that you know that this is my birthday, and that I told you no one else in this town knows it? But why should you have sent me a great, ugly clock of a watch, impertinently engraved, 'To Mary Pet from R. H.'? Why should you have presumed to imagine that I should be pleased at having one of your black curls in the case? 'A token of your devotion'—indeed!"

And the girl rushed out of the room before the threatening tears came to humiliate her further.

Jane Thomas, who had seen the

two young teachers talking excitedly and looking very agitated, spread the stirring report that Mr. Hughes had proposed to Miss Carr and had been refused. Sally Simonds dashed for the coat-room when she heard it, and tried to faint. She did not care anything about him herself, she explained, but it grieved her beyond measure to find out that Mr. Hughes was so unromantic as to propose to anybody in a school room early in the morning of a vile day! In an hour the whole school had heard the story, and Hughes found himself stared at more than ever.

It was the worst of winter days.

The postman stumbled into the High School office, bent under his load. Having fought his way against the storm and still having its roar in his ears, he did not realize how he shouted as he said to the secretary, "Lord, what a day! Just look at this sack of mail—all for Hughes, too! Never knew any one human being to get any such amount of mail in any one day since I've been in the service! There must be over a hundred letters—and as for papers and packages, if he wants 'em, he'd better send a dump-cart down after 'em. It's the talk of the place and the postmaster is crazy—simply crazy! Somebody is going to be arrested for clogging the U. S. mails—you see!"

Before the secretary could quiet him, the door was thrown open and in came two men carrying a sewing-machine. "Hughes?" one of them called out. The secretary tried to get the men back into the lobby without attracting the attention of the students in the library adjoining the office, but one of the men protested.

"Well, I don't know anything about it," he said. "R. Hughes ordered this machine over the

'phone, and said he wanted it delivered here to-day. We have orders to collect sixty-five dollars. Well, I can't help it if he is a man—maybe he wants it for his wife. Hasn't any? That ain't any of my business. The boss said to collect—here's the bill. Now lady, there ain't a bit of use in taking it back. He wouldn't have ordered it if he didn't want it, would he? You'd better ask him about it. We nearly broke our necks getting it up them icy steps."

Professor Charles came to the rescue from his office and ordered the men out, but in a second another man blew in. "Package for Hughes," he called, as he left a bird cage and a tiny red cart on the secretary's desk. The distressed woman took the things into the principal's office. On her return she found, rather flushed and covered with snow, a lady awaiting her.

"Good-morning. Can you tell me if there is a Mr. Hughes connected with this institution?" she asked.

"Yes, madam, but he is engaged at present with a class. Will you sit down and wait?"

"I cannot wait. Will you take the gentleman my card?"

The secretary meekly did the lady's bidding—for she was a compelling person, this dripping creature—and took charge of his class while Hughes came downstairs.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Claremont-Jones," said Hughes graciously upon entering.

"Good-morning. This is Mr. Hughes, I presume? I called, Mr. Hughes, to ask an explanation of this note I received this morning."

"Won't you sit down?" Hughes' manner was so manly and straightforward that she was taken aback.

"I don't understand your writing me, Mr. Hughes. As I have never



"Jane Thomas spread the stirring report that Mr. Hughes had proposed."

had the pleasure of meeting you, I could hardly have asked you to dine with me as your note implies."

"I regret more than I can say, Mrs. Claremont-Jones, that there should have been this mistake.

Your footman left a note for me here yesterday from you, in which——"

"*My* footman?"

"*A* footman, then. Unfortunately, I tore up the note upon replying to it, which makes my position all the

more awkward. The paper was stamped with your address, and not knowing your hand, it never occurred to me to doubt its authenticity. I confess I thought it odd, but the reason given for asking me to dinner at your house was my slight acquaintance with your daughter, for whom, the note said, you were giving this entertainment. I trust you will believe me most sorry."

"Is—is this some sort of a practical joke?" asked the lady, thoughtfully.

"I suppose so."

"I shall do all I can to find out who is at the bottom of it."

"So shall I."

"Let me apologize to you, Mr. Hughes."

"Not at all. It is I who should apologize. I am sure this is most distressing to us both."

Mrs. Claremont - Jones smiled. Hughes almost smiled.

Never had the High School known such a day!

From ten o'clock until three, people came in answer to an advertisement in the morning papers, which stated that fifty cats were wanted at the High School by Ramsley Hughes for biological purposes. There were old women with cats, young men and little girls, all eager to sell their pets—or their neighbors' pets—for seventy-five cents apiece. They were all struggling to keep the cats in the baskets, bags and buckets in which they had brought them, and more than one active pussy got loose in the office and created a scene. Finally the janitor was stationed at the entrance to the building to prevent any more cat peddlers from coming in. But one old man with something under his arm got by him.

"Here you!" shouted the janitor. "Come back here! Have you

some cats to sell? They don't want any more, see?"

The old man turned on him with great dignity, even though he did look like a snow man. "Do I look as if I were selling cats?" he demanded. "I am the president of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I wish to have a talk with the principal of this school on the subject of vivisection. Cats to sell, indeed! Where can I find the principal?"

Any one who could prove to the vigilant janitor that he did not have a cat concealed upon his person was allowed in, and so the poor little secretary was kept busy explaining to tailors that the Mr. Hughes they insisted had sent for them to come and measure him for a suit of clothes, was not the Mr. Hughes connected with the High School. She had laundrymen to send away, and no end of expressmen to convince that the High School Mr. Hughes did not want a trunk sent to the station—or anywhere else. There was a mistake. They must have the wrong address, or the wrong Mr. Hughes. No. The Mr. Hughes—yes, there was a Mr. Hughes registered at the High School—had left no word to have a second-hand typewriter sent upon approval. No, there was no *Miss* Hughes at the High School; there was only a *Mr.* Hughes, and naturally he had not asked the lady to call to arrange for embroidery lessons. Yes? No? Well, possibly it was another Mr. Hughes. No, this one could not be seen—he was ill. No. He would not be back for a long time. Most unfortunate. Good-day.

During the noon recess Hughes went over some dozens of his letters. He was strongly tempted to burn the basketful of them, but if he did this, he might burn among them some



"I wish to have a talk with the principal on the subject of vivisection."

letter which was of importance, so he forged on. The agent of the Equitable Building "had received R. Hughes' letter of the tenth, and would say in response that he did not need an elevator boy at present." The principal of a fashionable school for young ladies in New York, was "very glad to be able to tell Miss Ramola Hughes that she had a vacancy now, and would like to correspond further with her in regard to her entering the school."

Jacob Swartz said that "if Ramey Hughes wanted to take up farming, he could come out and try the job a week and see how he liked getting up at four in the morning to milk. But he could tell Ramey right now that farming would not set pretty on top of school teaching." The XXX Infants' Food Company wrote to say that his esteemed favor of an order had been received, and that they were forwarding by express, C. O. D., half a dozen bottles

of their superior food. The *Tourist's Monthly Magazine* had been unable to find any trace of Mr. Hughes' subscription. A man had been put on the books a whole day. Was Mr. Hughes quite sure the letter was not lost at his end?

Hughes weathered the ordeal nobly until he opened a letter done on the regular business paper of the leading daily of the city, typewritten, and signed by the editor. "Mr. Hughes' manuscript was herewith returned as per request, being unavailable for the *Times*. Hughes slowly unfolded the sheets of manuscript—written in a hand not at all unlike his own—and glanced at the first conundrum: "When is pie not pie? Answer—"When it is eaten."

Then Ramsley Hughes swore!

A week had gone—and still another week. A detective sat in Professor Charles' office. "If you like, I can go on with the work," he was saying, "but the case hardly seems of enough importance to warrant it. I have no faith in your theory that a boy has done this. It isn't a boy's idea of a joke—a boy's mind does not work this way. Neither, in my opinion, is this the doing of a girl."

"Why, what do you mean? It must have been one or more of our boys, or one or more of our girls, mustn't it?"

"Not necessarily."

"What! Do you think it was done by some person outside of the school?"

"N-no. A very intimate knowledge of this school and of Mr. Hughes has been shown. For instance, that booklet, 'Daily Prayers for Daily Needs.' The idea that it was really sent by the mother of the love-sick girl whom the accompanying letter said had died, asking that the book be sent to the object of

her love, Mr. Hughes, is, of course, absurd. There never was any such girl. But the book is full of items of Mr. Hughes. Under the prayer for April 6th, is written in a feeble hand, 'His dear birthday,' and under that for November 10th, 'The day he saved the statue of John Harvard from destruction by the freshmen, 1900'—and a lot more stuff like that, which Mr. Hughes tells me are correct dates and events. Who knows these things? Surely not the students, for Mr. Hughes is a most reserved sort of person and he has been here only a few months and is among strangers."

The professor found no words, so the detective went on. "I do not believe this joke was perpetrated maliciously. Judging from all I can find out, Mr. Hughes is very popular in the school. Marelllo, the dancing master, let me attend his high school class, and he introduced me to a lot of the girls, each one of whom I sounded in regard to her new instructor. He seems to be a romantic figure to them, and they say enthusiastic things of him. One of the girls, a Miss Thomas, is decidedly sentimental over him. She told me that Hughes is the most sympathetic, fair-minded teacher in the school, and she added that she never heard of his being severe but once, which was when he told one Nora Collins, who had failed repeatedly in recitation, that until she used her brains, he should doubt that she had any."

The professor smiled. "That Collins child is a stupid little thing," he said. "But go on. What are your theories?"

The detective hesitated. "This is only theory, not fact, remember. I am strongly of the opinion that a woman played this joke, and the motive is probably—love."

"You astonish me!"

"There must be a serious motive, for no one would go in for such an amount of work as sending stamps to every firm or company advertising in the papers or magazines, asking for circulars and samples of every known thing from ear trumpets to bird seed—just for the sake of the joke. There is some motive—a subtle motive—a woman's motive. The whole thing is cleverly done, but if it is a play to the man's interest (which the woman probably hoped would lead to love) it has missed the mark. The woman undoubtedly realizes this now, and she will never make herself known—and we cannot find her."

"A woman, you say; but what woman?"

"I hardly like to name any particular woman, Professor Charles, when there is absolutely no proof that she is implicated, and the case is not one which is to be brought to trial."

"You mentioned Jane Thomas. Is it *he*?"

The detective smiled. "Well hardly. I considered her as a possibility, but during the two dances I had with her on Friday afternoon, I was convinced that she has no depth. No—a woman with brains."

"Who, then?"

"Well, difficult as it is to give a name, I will tell you that I think Miss Carr, of your faculty, is the woman you want a confession from."

"But you forget that Miss Carr herself was miserably imposed upon and insulted."

"She might have played that part of the joke on herself as a blind—mightn't she?"

There was a teachers' meeting that afternoon.

"I wish to tell you," began Professor Charles, "that I have decided

that we can ferret out this practical-joke mystery ourselves better than an outsider can, and in thinking the matter over, I have wondered if Miss Carr has told us all she knows about the matter?"

Miss Carr looked pale and tired. It would seem as if she were feeling the estrangement with Hughes. Since she had refused to believe him when he tried to explain that he knew nothing about the watch, she had avoided him, although she did write him a note of apology.

Hughes was much perplexed. He could not believe the detective's theory, yet the train of reasoning and the fact that Miss Carr's manner was so strange, made him wretched. His heart stood still a moment when he heard the professor's unexpected, indirect question. He could have choked the man and cursed him for a brute, but he stayed in his chair instead, and looking out of the window, he began studying the roof opposite.

"I have already told the faculty all I knew," said Miss Carr, rising and growing steadily whiter, "and I have nothing further to say."

"All you *knew*," repeated the professor, "but since you have spoken to us, have you not——"

Hughes rose suddenly. "Pardon my interruption, Professor Charles, but I wish to say something, and this seems a very good time. We have done all we can to find out who has played this joke, but having failed, I suggest that the subject be dropped from the day's order of the teachers' meetings."

"That cannot be done," replied the professor severely.

"It will either be done, sir, or my resignation will be submitted to the Board of Education."

The professor wisely—very wisely—announced the meeting

adjourned at the first opportunity.

Miss Carr was evidently much disturbed as she said to Hughes, in passing out of the office, "May I speak to you before you leave for the day? Room 13."

The littlest girl in the school was strapping up her books as Hughes joined Miss Carr. She scrutinized him. He knew it. He felt her gaze.

"You were very kind to save me that most unpleasant ordeal," said Miss Carr timidly in an undertone.

"Not at all," replied Hughes. "I am bored to death with all this ado about a harmless—and really clever joke. You wanted to see me?"

Miss Carr handed him a paper on which was written:

Engraving	\$ 1.00
Postal cards	5.00
Stamps	15.00
Watch	3.50
Use of telephone	1.50
Toys, etc.	7.33
Advertising90
Telegrams	3.65
Little things	4.47
Typewriting, etc.	2.45

Total . . . \$44.80

"What—what is this?" asked Hughes.

"A clue, I think."

Miss Carr nodded toward the coat-room. "She dropped this out of her book."

"Who?"

"That little Nora."

"What!"

Miss Carr ran to the door. "Nora, come in a moment, will you? Mr. Hughes and I want to talk to you. Will you please explain this sheet of paper that flew out of your book to-day?"

The child was perfectly calm, apparently. She took the paper and read its items deliberately.

"This fell out of my book, you say?"

Nora's face was pale, earnest—and innocent.

Hughes shut the door to the hall, so they were quite alone.

"This fell out of my book?" Nora asked again.

"Yes."

Both Hughes and Miss Carr were suffering from the suspense.

"That was very stupid of it," said Nora.

This grown-up remark almost stunned the two teachers.

"Nora, I want you to tell us the truth—the whole truth," said Miss Carr firmly.

"You would not understand the truth," said Nora.

"Nora!"

"I am older than I look," this strange child began steadily. "I am twenty-one years old. I appear to be sixteen. No one understands how a girl can be so backward in her studies, so I tell people what they do understand—that I am sixteen." There was a touch of bitterness in the girl's voice, but otherwise she was composed as she went on, "I can tell you the truth, but you will not understand it."

"We shall understand," said Hughes gently.

Nora looked him straight in the eye.

"When you first came to this school you took a dislike to me," she said. "I always know such things. I once failed in three recitations in succession. You did not ask me why I failed; you just remarked pleasantly before the whole class that 'until I used my brains, you would be obliged to remain in doubt that I had any.' I played this joke to amuse myself—not because I was piqued, as you will at once assume. I intended to write



“‘I understand you, Miss Collins,’ said Hughes.”

you about it when I had left school—next year. I thought it might amuse you to see that your pupils are not always as stupid as you think them.”

There was silence for a moment.

“I had no wish to hurt you—or any one else,” said the girl.

“I understand you, Miss Collins,” said Hughes, as if he were talking to a woman grown, not to a naughty school girl.

“I suppose you will have me expelled from school?” There was a

note of deep concern in Nora’s voice.

Neither of the teachers made answer to this.

“Professor Charles will feel it is the only right thing to do,” the girl ventured.

“Probably,” said Hughes absent-mindedly. And then he added suddenly, “Miss Collins, may I ask you how you knew so much about me?”

The social tone of Hughes’ boyish question gave Nora a new courage.

“I really don’t know very much

about you, Mr. Hughes, but I made use of all that I did know. I have a friend at Harvard who has gathered some items about you for me from your class and fraternity records and books, and by asking questions of some Law School men who remember you. I heard you say incidentally, in telling a story to some boys after school one day, that your birthday is April sixth."

"Well, how in the world did you know when *my* birthday is?" broke in Miss Carr.

"You wrote the date in my older brother's birthday book when we lived in Chicago, and he was in your class there in the grammar school. You don't write in birthday books any more. I know, because I asked you to write in mine last year, and you refused."

"Where did you get that lock of hair that was in the watch?" asked Hughes.

Nora seemed very uncomfortable. The nervous strain was beginning to undermine her bravery. "Must I tell every detail?" she pleaded, and added pathetically, "it seems almost hard enough to have been caught by my own carelessness; to be misunderstood; and expelled from school in disgrace."

"I do not mean to be hard," said Hughes kindly, "I am interested—that is all."

Nora looked at the floor, sadly. Two hot tears were starting down her cheeks. "I cut the curl off our black dog," she said meekly.

Miss Carr was embarrassed and began putting her desk in order. Hughes was amused. A second of painful silence followed. School etiquette required the miserable girl to stand there until she was dismissed. It was the quivering lips

and the afternoon sun on one of the tears that made the teachers remember this.

"You may go, Nora," said Miss Carr.

But Nora did not go. She seemed to be struggling with herself. "I suppose—that is, you don't want me to—of course, it is useless for me to come back to school to-morrow?"

"Not at all, Miss Collins, not at all," said Hughes cordially. "Come to school as usual. I have decided that this matter is to be dropped, and I could not consistently bring it up before the faculty again—even if I would. You have been perfectly honest, and I see no point in saying anything more about it. Things are about square between you and me, aren't they? I assure you that I am sorry to have made that unjust remark to you, and I have no ill feeling whatever about the affair."

Nora dropped into the seat beside her and buried her face in her arms and cried until she shook.

"Comfort her if you can," Hughes said to Miss Carr, helplessly. "Tell her I think it is a bully joke. Don't let her cry like that. Think I'd better go. Good-bye!"

Miss Carr calmed Nora, but being on the verge of tears herself, she left the room as soon as she could.

"I suppose he loves Miss Carr," thought Nora as she tightened the strap on her books. And between sobs, she went on, "Why couldn't he have been a cad and have had me expelled? I could not have cared then. He—he could have said it was his duty. It was my only chance—my only chance!"

And just then life seemed very hard—and very long—to the littlest girl in the school.

When the Clock Stopped

BY LIZZIE M. PAGE

Carefully, lest he disturb the sleeper beside him, Uncle Amos crept out of bed, and into the kitchen. Yes, it was as he suspected—the clock had stopped.

"My sakes!" he exclaimed to himself, as he hurried back to the bedroom and into his clothes. "What'll the critters think? No knowin how late it is!"

It was now well along in April, so that half-past five was just about the correct hour for "fodderin." Without wakening Aunt Martha Uncle Amos hastened to the barn. When he returned to the house he found her preparing breakfast. "Why didn't you call me before you went out?" she inquired with mild reproach.

"I guess I forgot to," replied Uncle Amos. "I don't know when I should 'a waked up, seein' the clock's stopped, if it hadn't been for the old mare stompin' round so."

"I wonder what ails the clock," said Aunt Martha somewhat anxiously, as they sat down to breakfast.

"Needs 'ilin', I guess," replied Uncle Amos, helping himself to a bountiful supply of ham and eggs.

"I've always felt—" began Aunt Martha sadly.

"Yes, yes, I know," hastily interposed Uncle Amos, "jest as ef you and the old clock would stop goin' 'bout the same time." Uncle Amos was only too familiar with his good wife's little superstitions and signs, especially dream-warnings. "Well now," he continued, "there ain't either you or the clock goin' to stop this time. I'll have the old clock a-goin' before noon or my name ain't Amos Horner. And as for you, ma, why, you don't look a day older'n you did ten years ago."

A faint smile crept over Aunt Martha's face, but it quickly faded. She leaned back in her chair with folded hands. "I ain't a mite of appetite this morning," she sighed.

If Uncle Amos felt any anxiety he did not betray it. "Drink a good cup o' coffee, ma," said he easily, "and you'll feel better. I guess we both slept ruther too late." Aunt Martha only shook her head and sighed again.

Later in the morning Uncle Amos carefully lifted the old clock from the shelf in the corner where it had ticked away more than half of a century, and placed it upon the table. Heretofore, the skilful manipulation of an oiled feather had seemed to give a new impetus to the old timepiece; but to-day it proved ineffectual. Uncle Amos sat back in his chair and took off his glasses. "It ain't no use," said he soberly.

"I told you so!" exclaimed Aunt Martha tragically. "I dreamt only two nights ago of a weddin' and white horses, and I ain't felt well since."

"Sho now!" responded Uncle Amos lightly. "Don't you fret one mite nor grain, ma. I'll just step over to neighbor Warren's and borrow one of their clocks for a few days, jest till we can get ours fixed. And I'll ask Hattie to come over and help 'round till you and the old clock get rested up."

Hattie and the borrowed clock arrived simultaneously and were not unlike. Each was small, brisk, and of a business-like appearance.

The next morning Aunt Martha did not arise until a late hour. When Uncle Amos came into the kitchen he found her lying on the

couch, looking really pale and ill. "You might as well take the old clock down and carry it up attic," said she in a tone of melancholy. "It never'll go again. Then the little clock can be set on the shelf. Probably," she continued with quavering voice, "I sha'n't be able to set up much by to-morrow, but Hattie says she can stay a spell; an' after that, well, you can arrange to suit yourself." With this comforting conclusion she turned her face to the wall.

"Jest as you say, ma, about the clocks," replied Uncle Amos with forced cheerfulness. He was beginning to feel a trifle of anxiety. This attack of superstitious foreboding and attending complication of indigestion was worse than any previous one he had ever had to deal with. However, he put on a brave face and marched up to the attic to do Aunt Martha's bidding.

It was not exactly cheerful for Uncle Amos, but, like Mr. Micawber, he waited and hoped for something to turn up. The following morning Aunt Martha appeared in the kitchen in fairly good season, looking quite like herself, and admitted to Uncle Amos that she "guessed she did feel a mite better, though her appetite was nothing."

"I dreamt of a hearse last night," she said pensively, "and it's an excellent sign." But she was not yet in her normal condition. She sat and watched Hattie stepping briskly about her work, glancing occasionally at the small clock ticking merrily away in the corner. Late in the afternoon, just after Hattie had finished her work, and had turned her capable little heels about and started homewards, Uncle Amos came in. The little clock was just striking.

"Chipper little thing, ain't she?" said he.

"Who?" inquired Aunt Martha, a faint flush coming into her wrinkled cheeks.

"Why, the little clock," replied Uncle Amos innocently. Aunt Martha sat up very straight.

"I like old friends best," said she frigidly.

"I want the old clock brought back, and put just as it's stood for fifty years. I don't care whether it ever goes again or not. And," pointing with scornful impressiveness at the poor inoffensive little timepiece, "I want that pert thing carried out o' my sight."

"But—but," stammered Uncle Amos in astonishment—this being an entirely new phase of the disease—"what'll we do? My watch, you know, ain't been goin' for a week. Where'll we be with no time in the house?"

"I don't care," replied Aunt Martha recklessly. "I want to see the old clock up there, time or no time!" Plainly there was nothing else to be done, so Uncle Amos toiled up the attic stairs and brought down the clock.

"I guess," said he, "I'll just have another look at her before I set her up." A moment later a joyful exclamation from Uncle Amos caused Aunt Martha to look suddenly about. "I declare for it," said he gleefully, "she's a-goin'. Jest a little ketch in the weight cord."

"Say, ma," turning suddenly around, "what you goin' to dream about to-night?" But Aunt Martha's only reply was, "Now take that other clock out of my sight an' hearin', and," she added as Uncle Amos started forth, "tell Hattie I sha'n't need her any more."

Personal Pages by the Publishers

Cou'pon (kōō'pōng), *n.* [Fr., from *couper*, to cut, cut off.]—*Webster*.

When Noah Webster first gave his great work to the world it is quite certain that he had not thought of applying the word coupon to such advantageous uses as are now widely known. The monthly magazine as

it is to-day did not exist, and commerce took very different channels from what it does in the twentieth century. To-day the coupon has become one of the most convenient of trade appliances. Questions and

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answers by the mail route of salesmanship bring together the most remote reader and the advertiser.

Instances are not rare in which small advertisements have been the start of great business enterprises, and nominal investments, made experimentally, have reached millions in the outcome. One of the largest

mail-order houses in the world, which has made several multi-millionaires, in the beginning was but the creature of circumstance—a mere hint thrown out in a group of diners, taken up by one of them, acted upon, and followed to its conclusion, with the result of creating a gigantic commercial institution. This

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is merely incidental and has no direct bearing on our coupon system beyond its advertising suggestion.

All advertisers wish to know the source of the inquiries which come to them. That is the reason why the magazines ask their friendly readers

to mention the name of the publication in writing to advertisers. But the reader is not always aware that in most instances the address used will indicate to the advertiser from whence the inquiry came. This method of identification is known

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Personal Pages by the Publishers

among advertisers as "keying." Some advertisers use department names and numbers to indicate their advertisements in different magazines, while others use varying street numbers. If THE RED BOOK be advertising itself in other periodicals, for instance, its address at 158 State St., Chicago, might be the address

given in the *Cosmopolitan*, 160 in the *Delineator*, 162 in *Leslie's*, and so on, through a considerable list, all of these numbers and various other combinations of addresses being actually the address of the building in which THE RED BOOK is published. Thus credit for results can be given exactly where due.

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We believe that the improvements in **THE RED BOOK** inaugurated in this issue are the most noteworthy introduced since the magazine was founded. The first number of **THE RED BOOK** was that for May, 1903, so that this May number of 1904 begins the third volume of the magazine. If any reader takes pains to compare the two issues, only one year apart, he will discover for himself that there has been a year of untiring effort on the part of the publishers to improve **THE RED BOOK** in every possible way, and make it the best of short story magazines. The present number can hardly be recognized as the same periodical that made its appearance a year ago.

However, with the magazine in hand to speak for itself, it is not necessary to talk at length over what we have done in the past, nor what we are going to do in the future. Just take note for your own satisfaction of the changes in this particular magazine and the ones that will follow it month by month. For one thing, this number has sixteen pages more than the preceding issues, in order to include more stories, so that **RED BOOK** readers will get even more for their money than they have in the past. The increase is entirely devoted to reading matter. Furthermore, an enlarged number of illustrations adorn this month's pages, and this is a policy that will be maintained in the future.

THE RED BOOK also changes form, in that the edges instead of being trimmed are merely separated, so that it takes thereby exactly the shape which is most favored by magazine readers—rough edges, but no paper knife required for reading purposes.

A pictorial feature of note is the series of photographic art studies by Tonnesen of Chicago. The fame of Miss Beatrice Tonnesen is not only

national but international in the photographic world. Her forte is the posing and photographing of character studies and compositions, and the introduction of her work into **THE RED BOOK** pages permits us to predict great things in the pictorial field.

THE RED BOOK cover designs will be noteworthy for their excellence in the future as they have been in the past. Gustavus C. Widney has contributed some of his best work in the designing and painting of **RED BOOK** covers. For the June number Frederick J. Mulhaupt has painted a cover design which will rank high in this field, and will be recognized as one of the most beautiful to be found among the summer magazines.

Another feature of value introduced next month is the reproduction of the world's famous paintings of beautiful women. Eight of these from Paris galleries will be included in the portrait section.

Not all of the changes in size and form, with the tremendous increase in circulation, could have been achieved except by the installation of part of the new machinery which has been in preparation for some months, to increase the facilities of **THE RED BOOK**. Even now the equipment is not as complete as it will be, but we are enabled to increase the edition this month another 20,000, in spite of the enlarged size of the magazine.

With all our increased editions we have been unable to satisfy the demand for the magazine. The subscription list is growing with gratifying rapidity and regularity, and the great distributing agency which directs the newsstand distribution of this magazine clamors monthly for more copies than we can provide. Here is the list of the general distributing force of **THE RED BOOK**—interesting to the advertisers and interesting to the public.

Personal Pages by the Publishers

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The Albany News Company.
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The South West News Company.
The Springfield News Company.
The St. Louis News Company.
The Toronto News Company.
The Washington News Company.
The Western News Company.
The Williamsburgh News Company.
The Wisconsin News Company.

The Publishers of THE RED BOOK are no less proud of its literary and artistic attractiveness than they are of its business achievements. The plans for the coming year make it possible to promise that THE RED BOOK will steadily and greatly improve month by month, and that this improvement will be just the sort that readers want—better stories by better authors; better pictures by better artists.

In the June RED BOOK there will be fifteen stories, every one of them clever and readable, the highest standard of literary excellence maintained, and the stories written by authors whose names are a guarantee of merit.

BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG has writ-

ten a stirring story of Memorial Day entitled "The Ascendancy of Lafayette Sinks," which will delight not only the veterans but every one else who enjoys a good story. Gustavus C. Widney has made some genuinely appreciative illustrations.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS, among the most famous of fiction writers of to-day, has written for THE RED BOOK one of his daintiest stories under the name of "Sand Daisy." The scene is among the native races of Morocco, and William Schmedtgen, whose travels into Morocco have given him a wealth of valuable art material, has made the illustrations for the story.

KENNETH BROWN contributes to THE RED BOOK a dainty story of American life called "Afterwards." The scene is first the Far West and then a summer resort on the Atlantic Coast, where a touch of the occult brings it to a somewhat startling conclusion. Walter Whitehead illustrates the story.

HENRY C. ROWLAND is the author of one of the daintiest of Filipino stories, which he calls "Rosario." It is hardly as stirring as "The Man Who Knew" in this number of THE RED BOOK, but there is a touch of tragedy in it as there is in almost every phase of our contact with native life in the Orient. Victor R. Lambdin illustrates the story.

Among the other contributors to this number of THE RED BOOK are HENRY M. HYDE, ADELINE KNAPP, OWEN OLIVER, LEIGH GORDON GILTNER, HAYDEN CARRUTH and FRANK N. STRATTON.

Among the other artists represented in the number are H. E. Townsend, Walter J. Enright, Howard Heath, W. Charles Tanner and Enos Comstock.